

CONTENTS

OCTOBER, 1922

THE INCURABLE MYSTIC	<i>Maxwell Bodenheim</i>	164
THE FIRST BORN ..'.....	<i>Jogad Talenevsky</i>	165
Translated by Elmer J. Williams.		
CONSCIENCE	<i>Edgar Boutwell</i>	168
DIALOGUE IN THE FOOTHILLS OF PARNASSUS.....	<i>James B. Cluny</i>	169
APPARITIONS	<i>Maurice Lesemann</i>	173
TOMB OF A MING POET.....	<i>Arthur Davison Ficke</i>	173
THE MAGIC IN NAMES	<i>Llewelyn Powys</i>	174
THE END	<i>Oscar Williams</i>	176
WIDOWED (A Play in One Act)	<i>Louis Gilmore</i>	177
TWO POEMS	<i>Donald Davidson</i>	187
GARDENS OF CAPTIVITY	<i>Dorothy Paul</i>	189
ARRESTMENT	<i>Leslie Nelson Jennings</i>	192
THE PIG	<i>Wilbur Laurence Needham</i>	193
THE SWORD CONVERSES WITH A PHILOSOPHER....	<i>Maxwell Bodenheim</i>	195
DALLIANCE	<i>Paul S. Nickerson</i>	196
THE BOX OF PANDORA	<i>Charmion von Wiegand</i>	197
RAINBOW OVER THE DESERT	<i>Glenn Ward Dresbach</i>	199
'ARF AND 'ARF	<i>The Editors</i>	200
CHANSON D'OR	<i>Ann Hamilton</i>	204
COMMENT		205
REVIEWS—		
BENJAMIN DE CASSERES	<i>John McClure</i>	211
SPANISH FOLK SONGS	<i>Adaline Katz</i>	213
ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME	<i>Helen M. Dick</i>	213
ZONE OF QUIET	<i>J. M.</i>	214
QUERY	<i>John McClure</i>	214

The Incurable Mystic Answers Western Ambitions

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Western men,
Your life is a minor rhapsody
For flute and violin.
With sounds, now shrill, now suave,
You steal your hymns and frolics
From the surface dirt of realism
And the curves of sensuality.
Your feeble mysticism
Strains at the task of lifting tables
And placing naive retorts
Into the mouths of spirits,
Your erudition is the vain
Gesture of your repentance
Grown over-thin and complex.
Western men, you are beggars
Devouring bits of guile
Tossed from a violent mirage!
The contours of a rose
Bribing the quiet madness of evening
With cunning promises of red,
Are more important than your sweating love
And the rushing dreads of your market-places.
The contours of a rose
Will still arrange their subtle dream
When your clever schemes of mud
Win the drifting pension of dust.
Your charts and diagrams
Are merely a ragamuffin's initials
Cut into an ancient gate-way
That guards the invisible meaning of life.

The First Born

By JOGAD TALENEVSKY

(TRANSLATED BY ELMER J. WILLIAMS)

SHE was the niece of old Christian Salak. Ivor knew of no other kin. He did not care.

His brown fingers, covered with hair between the joints, clenched the pick handle. Ivor's fists were hard as ship rope. One blow with those fists would crumple every bone in Old Christian's head. If he came to Ivor with any threats, Ivor would break his head. . . .

Old Christian could do nothing; he was helpless. The priest would not interfere because Christian and his niece did not go to church. That was the best thing of all. She could have her brat and do with it as she pleased. Ivor wondered when it would be born.

He swung the pick into the yellow clay and it made a wet, sucking sound, like the fangs of a beast in a warm bird. A streak of mud slashed his brow when he wiped it. Vile and smeared as he was with his own perspiration, his own smells, Ivor cursed the thing ahead of him in the trench, stooping and rising, lifting and falling; always with his haunches near. The other man's trousers clung to his loins and the broad, squat hulk rose and fell with the awful monotony of muscle and bone.

Ivor kicked at the man and ordered him to change his position. The other called him a swine and reared like an inflamed steer.

That night Ivor met the one-eyed Peter and together they talked it over. Peter winked with the orbless, red-

rimmed crater, and smirked, showing the brown snags in his gums.

He told Ivor to keep his tongue in his mouth and that no one could harm him. Ivor swore that he would go to prison—there would be no marriage. He could have twisted her white neck. She had the eyes of a cow, Ivor said. Peter laughed, the dreadful socket twitching with the evil twinkle in his good eye.

For many days Ivor tossed the leaden clay from the trench, but always he had the other thing on his mind. He fought with others in the trench and drew blood on them. Then he went back to work with satisfaction. Ivor was waiting for Old Christian.

Ivor thought of his money in the bank and wondered if they could take it from him. As the weeks wore on he suffered shifting, disagreeable sensations. There were times when he longed for Old Christian to come near him, for he wanted to take the old devil by the throat and press the wind out of him until he promised Ivor never to bother him, or go blabbing about. He did not care for *her*.

Frequently he walked in the direction of Old Christian's house. But he turned back again.

Every Sunday in his soft white shirt Ivor went to Church and once he visited the priest for confession, telling him everything from beginning to end. The voice of the priest was troubled and he told Ivor to come back. After that Ivor

felt contented. He was contented for a while.

Half bull, half man that he was, there was no intellect in the heavy head to light the abyssmal pits of his obscurity. His thoughts, like worms, crawled murkily through his brain. Often there was something which bolted him upright in his bed; emotions brute or human which tore and reared at one another, frothy-faced, until he, not understanding them at all, fell back upon his pillow in a strange desolation.

He sought no more of Peter or the priest and as the slow months wore on he was more vicious in the trench. One day a blonde stranger dropped his pick and sent Ivor sprawling with a terrible blow in the face. The others laughed and Ivor was filled with a great fear.

That night he wrote a letter telling her that she could not draw wool over his eyes; if she had a child it would be none of his. In a raging fit he attacked the letter, destroying it under his heavy shoes.

There came a dark night when Ivor stole by the home of Old Christian and, seeing nobody, paced up and down. He saw that there was nothing strange about the house. He did not appear there again for several nights, but when he remained away he could not sleep. If he dozed there was something so fearful in his room that he was compelled to get up, walking wild-eyed with an invisible presence, which went up and down the room with him, backward and forward, always peering over one shoulder or the other. It wore his body out, but left his brain wide awake.

So then he went to the street of Old Christian every night. He looked at the

place for a long time, filled with hate, yet fascinated by every shadow that swayed over it. He never saw her. Sometimes he wondered whether she were in there. No persons ever went in or came out, save just once when he saw Old Christian, and then Ivor had to steal between two houses on the opposite side of the street, to avoid being seen. Later he found some bushes near a low cottage where he could hide and watch the house without being seen. After the hated vigil, Ivor slept peacefully.

It was raining one night. Thunder rolled across the corners of the heavens in a far away, but menacing grumble. The skies of the East flared nakedly in lingering flutters of lightning.

Ivor did not want to go out that night and hide there in the street in the rain. Yet after a while he wrapped the collar of a long coat about his neck and went out with stolid steps.

As he passed under a tall tree, which shivered like a shaggy dog after a swim, a young bird, drowned to cold death in the nest, fell down and struck him in the face. He scarcely knew what he did, but he reached down and picked it up. The chill, unfeathered thing was in his fingers still as he thrust them into a pocket.

II.

Old Christian's street was faintly lighted. The thin rain fell on the mud. It was a dismal mire. When Ivor crept beside the little clump of bushes it shook cold rain upon his face. Old Christian burned a light and Ivor watched it.

Sometimes as he squatted there with his great fists clasped around his knees, the dumb procession of emotions, finding no response without, was marching

through his mind, colliding and wracking his tortured heart, but never finding a soul to bring to life. And sometimes his thoughts just huddled there and watched with him. One hand touched the dead bird in his pocket and the fingers recoiled as though separate from himself.

He was thinking, but they were desolate, misshapen, wretched things, his thoughts. Like himself they were of monstrous proportions, oxen-eyed with dull, heavy feet pounding and throbbing on his brain. His thoughts were of the house across the way where they might be thinking of him, and suddenly there was a new force within which sought to drive him through the mire, see everything and hear what curses were being made against him. As he stared through the blue rain he was seized with a longing to tear that house from its roots and, in a mad passion of destruction, dash it to the ground in a heap.

In the East there was no more lighting, save now and then faint lights, pallid as the arms of death. A moaning wind went round, driving the rain like a lash. The man got up and waded through the mud and darkness to the house he had been watching.

There was a vacant lot next to Old Christian's house. It was overgrown with high, rank weeds, now dripping wet. Ivor plunged through them. Then he stood at the side of the house, under the eaves. The little window near him was dark and he could see nothing. But he stood there, with an odd feeling of security. Soon his fingers gripped the window ledge and thus he stood and

somehow he did not care if he was seen....

He stood there as a thing of the wild might have stood, a sentinel outside the den of his mate. Livid-faced he heard the first break of screams and with the blade of pain they ripped open his soul and laid it bare.

At times he seemed to rest from an awful torture. The mighty body was shattered by the strain, his breathing little more than excruciating groans. Strange was the relief he seemed to fight for there at the window sill. Soon again there came the awful tempest of pain, the quivering moans, ending sometimes in a scream, or dying with the suddenness of a smothered child, and then his head fell down upon his chest and his fingers bled from clawing the window sill. It was then that he tore like a mad thing at the fetters of his suffering. Once he crossed himself, but it ended in a direful curse.

It rained still. And aching weariness had come over him, suddenly. He reeled and staggered from the window.

III.

Old Christian with his little hump of a nose, his crooked spectacles and hollow, dark-rimmed eyes, heard the mighty pounding on his kitchen door. He sat in his chair, half alive, watching the thin panels quiver under the terrible blows. With the motion of an automaton Old Christian went to the door and threw it open. He met a face that was masked in gray terror, strange and staring eyes, and arms that were upheld like the mighty limbs of a falling tree.

Old Christian backed away, mumbling words. Leaving a black pool under his feet, the inflamed ox of a man watched

the other with madly fixed eyes. Old Christian still mumbling, sat down.

Then a very old woman, with hair in her eyes, came stooping through an opposite door, carrying a big round pan, covered with a cloth of white. She saw the big man and held her small, glistening eyes upon him. When she had placed the pan upon a table she pointed to it with a trembling, crooked old finger, still watching Ivor. Under his frightful gaze she retreated through the door.

Ivor went to the table. The faint light from the gas jet revealed him as flickering flashes of lightning in a storm at sea might show the black hull of a sinking vessel. His fingers touched the white cloth. Ivor lifted it and gazed at his son. . . .

The dead infant lay on his full round arm, in all the appalling agony and all the beauty of its birth. The man touched the flesh with his fingers. . . .

Old Christian sat trembling. He saw it all. He saw the big man totter and drop face down upon the table, with the

mighty arms clasped around the pan. Old Christian watched the man for hours, sometimes tumbled and storm-tossed with his weeping, and sometimes a lifeless form that lifted glazed eyes and moved ashen lips. He heard sometimes frightful curses and terrible prayers and they disturbed Old Christian so much that he crept into a chair behind the stove. Sometimes he peered at the man at the table and would see Ivor gazing upon the child. Once the old woman came out and looked and when she went away she whispered in such a penetrating way that it seemed to echo through all the house.

Cold dawn came through the windows and found the father still there at the table. It found Old Christian stirring miserably behind the stove. Then Ivor went through the door where the old woman had gone.

The girl lay sleeping, her full, strong body outlined under the counterpane. She did not wake, or open her eyes, but reached out slowly and put her fingers in Ivor's hair.

Conscience

By EDGAR BOUTWELL

Fleeing from a destroyed house,
I was a jongleur riding
On two white horses.

I entered a strange city,
Hoping to evade my pursuers.

But a messenger came running after me,
Crying aloud to the city:
*I know him who is fleeing
On white horses before you.*

Dialogue In The Foothills of Parnassus

By JAMES B. CLUNY

EUCANOR

WE may consider it established by the controversies that have shaken Parnassus that poetry is neither rhythm nor rhyme in essence, but something beyond and perhaps including these attributes. I am sure one might determine by analysis what, precisely, its nature is.

PARMENIDES

Poetry is as difficult to analyze, I am sure, as a cabbage. That there is such a thing, we feel certain. But there is nobody so devilish wise as to be able to explain the essence of being. So simple a substance as goose-liver defies the most erudite scientists, who, in attempting to fix the nature of matter, succeed merely in beating the devil around the stump. And when nobody can explain what matter is, we can hardly hope to analyze in any alembic so elusive and skipping a substance as poetry.

EUCANOR

Still, it is a very definite art.

PARMENIDES

And what-the-mischief art is, nobody has ever yet told us. Art is as impossible to define in one form as another. Painting, I assure you, presents the same mystery as poetry. I am inclined to believe, as many do, that art is subtly identical in all its forms. And though I know nothing of music, having an ear as easily gulled by bagpipes and calliopes as by dulcimers and flutes, I be-

lieve the same is true of that art as of the others.

EUCANOR

Art has been called the expression and communication of emotion. Is not poetry largely that?

PARMENIDES

I cannot tell you. You must remember that Adrianus Turnebus, who knew everything, is dead. But I doubt very seriously whether poetry is essentially or even primarily the expression or the communication of emotion. Certainly the desperate and painful emotions, such as despair, hatred, rage and fury, can never be competently expressed in verse: there are rivers in hell whose waters no vessel can contain.

EUCANOR

The ecstasy of any emotion, perhaps, is beyond the province of language.

PARMENIDES

I think so. The poet can suggest these emotions. He can gesture toward them. He often does so. But I believe, Eucanor, that the expression of emotion is a minor element in verse or any of the arts. Artists always are occupied primarily in the creation of beauty.

EUCANOR

I agree that they serve God in fabricating loveliness out of sound and image.

PARMENIDES

I cannot consider it firmly established, Eucanor, that God derives any glory from iambs and trochees. And

how high the calling of art may be, I do not attempt to determine. In the celestial appraisal, for all I know, the profession of poetry may be most abject in the world. But professions are personal matters, and it is quite true that all artists strive out of a personal urge—entirely aside from the service of God—toward the creation of beauty. And there is unquestionably a subtle similitude between all the arts. Poetry, I am inclined to believe, is the same sort of an affair as painting is, and rhyme, rhythm, cadence, harmony, emotion and image (including all intellectual concepts) are, as a way of saying it, pigments. I am convinced that to those who have fathomed the mystery of verses ever so slightly this is apparent.

EUCANOR

But the devil take me if I can abide descriptive verse.

PARMENIDES

You misapprehend me. I do not refer to the verses which attempt to draw pictures, pleasant as some of them are. I merely suggest that the poet works with sound, image, and idea as a painter works with color and line to produce a harmonious and what we call beautiful whole.

EUCANOR

Do not forget that there is a babel of discussion afoot as to what, even in painting, is art, and what, after all, is beauty.

PARMENIDES

These questions are indefinable and that discussion can be settled by the Holy Ghost alone. Intuition alone appraises the beautiful. Intuition alone determines what productions are art. Words have never yet defined either art

or beauty—two actualities which are more inexplicable in language than even the problem of being. True poetry—whether cadence, image, idea, or emotion, or a merger of all these—kindles a sudden flame in us. We know it by the fire it ignites.

EUCANOR

There is a world of debate on the question of "representation" and the "literary content" of art. I was told by a pawnbroker whose verses scan very well that no poetry is true poetry unless it convey a message, a story, a pictorial likeness or an idea.

PARMENIDES

His arguments, which arose over painting, are all doubtless as applicable to verses as to pictures. But this is, I am sure, a nonsensical tempest. I disagree with your pawnbroker, but likewise I disagree with the radicals in both painting and poetry, because, if a thing is beautiful—a picture or a poem—I can not see that it is a defect for it to mean something. Those who insist that a poem or a picture must not mean anything are straining the point, for it matters abstractly very little, I am sure, what a poem or a picture means, in the sense of whether or not its subject matter is intelligible or susceptible of translation. The beauty of the arts is, as we have agreed, a completely indefinable beauty, and the true beauty of poetry, as all who have any right to speak on the subject will tell you, is a beauty that is far removed from what the painters call "literary content."

EUCANOR

The poet, however, deals mostly in symbols and emblems and allegories, all of which mean something or other.

PARMENIDES

He deals also, and as largely, with sound, which, in so far as we are able to determine, means nothing translatable but is definitively a thing in itself. The intellectual idea, Eucanor, is not unessential, but it is far from being the entire substance of poetry. Poetry depends no more than painting on subject matter, though the greatest poetry, like the greatest painting, is perhaps generally upon august or eternal themes. And certainly we will agree that if two poems are equally beautiful in sound and image and one is absurd and the other apocalyptic or portentous, the latter is the more beautiful poem and more satisfactory. But this is because its mysterious texture, of which idea is but one ingredient, is richer. The apocalypse alone does not make poetry. The intellectual vision, the intelligible idea, the narrative or the situation, is but one of the colors of the prism. The white light of poetry is a fusion of many colors.

When a versifier pens such a line as

A soldier of the legion lay dying in
Algiers

he is writing a subject line in verse which has, in idea and conception, a rich background of human, emotional experience to make it effective, as it undoubtedly is to the ignorant. That line has meaning and portent. It is significant.

Why then is the line

Roses that were discontent,
which is absurd, infinitely more beautiful?

Simply because there is in this line a more subtle artistry in the blending of sound and image with the end in view

of producing what we choose to call a harmony. You see here an artist taking joy in sound and image as a master draughtsman takes joy in a flowing line.

When a poet says "powder'd with golden rain," he is dabbling in sound and image as a painter dabbles in color, and the result is beautiful regardless of what he was talking about.

We must remember in appraising art in any form that idea is but one ingredient in the elixir of aesthetic beauty, and perhaps a subordinate ingredient. If the idea in poetry be not supported and embellished by harmonies of sound and image, it is artistically valueless.

EUCANOR

You are not ass enough, I trust, to suggest that poetry is merely music in words?

PARMENIDES

Indeed, no. I do not suggest that a poem should be the same sort of production as a musical snuff-box, presenting a jingle that has no connection with its essence. Music is but one ingredient among many. Sound is as noble an element as any, but it is not the entire substance of poetry. And though some versifiers hope to win immortality on simple aeolian airs, the intelligent few who determine these matters demand something better than wind.

EUCANOR

A poet must, of course, have a philosophy. Truth is what he must aim at.

PARMENIDES

I maintain, at the risk of embracing an error, that intelligence has little to do with art. Aberrations of the human understanding have given us some of the most beautiful poems extant. And so far as Truth is concerned, Eucanor,

or any Dogma, it is well to remember that some very heretical verses have proven themselves immortal, like the excommunicated, who are said not to rot. And besides, while we are upon this question of philosophy, Truth, and all this flummery, we must remember always that most artists are asses and that in all the art of the world there have been few things uttered or pictured that would startle the wits of a sage. The philosophy of the artist, his metaphysical conceptions, are platitudes, Eucanor, as yours and mine are. He gives us no new ideas. Painters and musicians and poets are excellent fellows: but a man is not wise because he can hammer a dulcimer or whistle a tune, nor because he can roll words smoothly off his tongue in cadence or rhyme. Those who look for wisdom in poetry look for moonshine in water. The heart of music and poetry is illusion. These moon-bewitched playboys—these artists—can only provide us with beautiful images or beautiful harmonies in word or form. It is not likely one of them will ever explain to us what life is or how it happened that the world popped out of nowhere.

Their function is to weave beauty out of inexplicable Life, to embroider mysterious Time, to mould into harmonious shapes this weird Space, for the poet or the painter or the sculptor or the musician is, through his emotions, too deeply entangled in this triad of enigmas ever to explain or to analyze them.

When the best poet we know of says

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep

he is piping a very old tune, and, fool ourselves as we please, we must realize that it is not the idea primarily, but the consummate beauty of expression that gives us a startling pleasure in his words. That life is a dream is news to no man. This platitude, however, was the basis for a harmony. The harmony is new, a complete thing in itself—as Emerson puts it, “a new work of nature, as a man or a woman is.”

It is not the idea that is necessarily the kernel of poetic beauty. The best poems are perhaps usually a result of pure abiogenesis—which is to say, are born all of a sudden, beget themselves, and the poet himself cannot tell you how-the-devil they do it. An intelligible idea may, of course, be the basic root from which springs an aesthetic harmony, but an equally beautiful harmony may spring from a fragmentary sound or from a fleeting and flickering image. The resultant harmony, if it is truly beautiful, will perhaps be a mellow, delicious and satisfying fusion or concord of sound, image and idea, all three. The concord may, to be sure, be terrifying or startling, as often in the great dramatic poetry. But the idea, the intelligible fact, however significant, is but one color on the poet's palette, one key on his harpsichord.

Apparitions

By MAURICE LESEMANN

Well . . . maybe you do find white horses standing by the seas,
Or white unicorns,
But when I was coming from Golden across the Ortiz,
Riding into the ravine just past the divide,
I met thirteen red steers.

And they all had the same white faces and the same horns,
And all the white faces bent sullen to the same side,
With each left forefoot forward in the same stare,
All down that line,
And thirteen surly backs all sagging a little,
And not a stir in the air . . .
Not a stir of whiskered bellies or rough wild hair,
Only the steam from wet nostrils waiting for a sign . . .

And not a stir from the horse or the man . . .
Till suddenly they broke and scrambled and ran.

Tomb of a Ming Poet

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Once he upraised a clear triumphant voice—
Witnessed the glory of the Primal Cause—
Bade men who suffered forthwith to rejoice—
And gravely took the Emperor's grave applause.
Now bronze and marble testify his worth,
Serving the noblest in both God and men:
He wrote—"All things on earth are best for earth."
The Emperor marveled, and threw down his pen.
I watched today the solemn delicate fall
Of scattering autumn leaves above his tomb.
The priest said—"This approach of noble gloom
Cannot obscure his greatness after all."
And in the empty night that followed after
I went away and laughed hyena laughter.

The Magic In Names

By LLEWELYN POWYS

IS there in very deed some occult mysterious power in names? A suspicion of this kind has often in past years troubled the thoughts of men, and even in this present skeptical age there are occasionally to be found minds naturally disposed to such nice and delicate speculations.

Much scientific reading has perhaps made us fond and coxcombial, and it may well be that there is more truth in many an ancient superstition than we would willingly admit. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that below our set behaviourist theories, below our meticulous cause and effect observations, there still remains abroad in the world a residuum of what can only be described by the old-fashioned word *magic*.

With this idea safely lodged in our heads let us examine the latent significance of some of the simplest Christian names in use amongst us. Who will deny for instance, that the commonest of all, the name of John, has ever had about it something dangerous and ambiguous? It is potential alike for good and evil. It is sinister and at the same time sanctified, and is clearly suggestive of the duplicate personality of that haughty skin-clad figure, who long ages ago, stalked to and fro through a honey-filled desert, uttering aloud, in desperate tones, incredible prophesies.

"My brother John
The evil one
In his dark cloud
Making his moan."

wrote William Blake who was supremely conscious of such nuances.

Consider for a moment the long line of dynamic individuals who have been called by this name. The most terrible of all the Russian monarchs, the most crafty and evil of all the English Kings, the most dour and formidable of English poets, the most reckless and imaginative of English religious revivalists. Indeed, the essential contrast between the characters of John and Charles Wesley illustrates exactly what we would be at.

Now, let us turn to the name William. What different associations come to us in its mere mention! In such mystical matters the instinct of country people is always unerring and we know that they have been at pains to call the most homely and honest of all their garden flowers "Sweet Williams." It is a name entirely devoid of guile. Imagine those simple round-shaped sturdy blossoms, whose smell has the very quintessence of the noon-day sun in a cottage garden, being called "Sweet Johns." The thing is impossible. We can have our "John-in-the-pulpits," with its ill-concealed reminiscence of the black gown of the testy Scotch preacher: we can have our "St. John's-wort" even, fit only to be placed under the arm pits, for medicinal purpose, of that most choleric of Irishmen Saint Columba; but a flower as lovely, as transparently innocent and open-hearted as the Sweet William it would be im-

possible to connect in any way with its baleful consonance.

William Shakespeare! William Wordsworth! who can tell but that the deep indulgent sanity of their natures, purged clear of all "dangerous stuff" sprang directly from the name they bore. True, William of Orange was a trifle taciturn and costive, but he endured much provocation and if a John had succeeded James II, I doubt but half the truculent Tories of England would have been laid by the heels.

Then there are a number of Christian names that blow hot and cold at once, that point North and South and West and East at the same time and of which the Devil himself could make nothing. Such are Harry, Edward, Thomas, Robert, Richard, etc. It may be noted, however, that Dick has something to it. There is a good ring about it, and it will go hard but the owner of it knows his way to the back door of every doss-house and tavern in the vicinity. We all of us have seen these Dicks, rollicking, merry fellows, who are more given to borrowing than to lending and whose maners seldom win the whole-hearted confidence of husbands!

Of the poor daffy-down-dillies of Percys and Berties and Algys little enough can be said, seeing that the whole world bears witness to the wrong which was done to them at the baptismal font. There is something solemn, as well there may be, about a Theodore. He is as likely as not to be found with a Jeremy Taylor on his lap. Ernestes are always to be avoided. Have no dealing with them, elude them, shun them, fly from them, or for all their pious looks

they will most surely plague you with some shrewd turn. I confess to a liking for the Christophers, they are such spry whimsical guys full of quips and good cheer.

Mary and Jane are the women's names to correspond with John and William. Janes simply cannot do wrong. Each one of them may be said to be better than she should be. They are by very nature chaste, gentle, and unassuming. We may take Lady Jane Grey as their exact type, just as we may take bloody Mary and the Queen of Scots to exemplify the possibilities that belong to the Marys.

A slight pull at your sleeve, a nudge of your elbow, a wink in a good hour, have nought to do with a Margaret, they are all thistles, nettles, and wasp stings. If you house with one of them, you are like to be brought to a sorry case by her tongue; they are termagants, scolds, and shrews, every one and you will soon have your bellyful of them. Leave your Margarets and go to your Catherines, for indeed these last are sweet creatures and as different from the others as are plump pink-spotted mountain trout, virginal and fresh, from horny-headed deep-sea sharks. For the rest your Bettys and Nancys and Dollys are blithe enough chaffinches, and happy is he who meets with one of them, on some fine May morning, in the lower meadows, where the haycocks stand in the sun.

Helens are so preoccupied with their vanity glasses that an honest fellow had as well spend an hour trying to converse with a glamorous peacock as with them. Sophy's are always treacherous and for all their agreeable looks will get you

into trouble. Annes are good girls and can fry and bake to a purpose. Clares are inaccessible and a trifle too intellectual sometimes. You won't get much sport for your pains out of the Matildas, 'tis best to forego them. Mabels and Gladyses have the mean quick insignificant brains of hedge-sparrows, though truth to say they have other more intimate graces to commend them.

"What in the Devil's name does all this mean?" some reader will say. "'Tis moonshine, starshine, and the most wanton nonsensical talk." I would answer such a one thus: Let him cast his memory backwards over history and see if he can recall a single individual, possessed of an absurd or trivial name, who has won to a great position, as a poet, or philosopher, or man of action.

I appeal unto Caesar, that heroic and noble Roman, whose name, sounding like the flourish of a thousand trumpets,

has been appropriated by so many Kings.

Alexander! Hannibal! Pompey! do not the very syllables bring to our ears the glories of their conquests, the shrill Ha! Ha! of their elephants, the clash of their gleaming shields. Now imagine if you can the great Tom Simpkins or the valiant, never-to-be-defeated, Bob Watkins, making the whole earth to tremble under his feet. Why even a Simpson would scarce have substance enough to do it.

No, if you are to be great you must be born with a great name and that's the end of it. Oliver Cromwell! how formidable the timbre of those two words is, like the heavy fall of an old Saxon battle axe. Napoleon "*Lion of the desert*"—it wanted a name like that to batter against the gates of half the capitals in Europe.

The End

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

When all is over,
 And all the tired hearts of earth
 Follow the beckoning hands of trees
 Waving out of the cool darkness,
 When all is over . . .
 Beauty alone shall roam beneath the sky
 And not the huge and prowling dinosaurs.
 There shall be wild, strange music forevermore
 And sails of woven moonlight blowing by
 Along a misty twilight,
 And there shall pour
 Down through blue space a golden rain of stars . . .

Affairs of Catherine

No. V. WIDOWED

By LOUIS GILMORE

CHARACTERS:

THE EMPRESS CATHERINE

PRINCESS DASHKOF

PRINCE PATIOMKIN

DIMITRIEFF VASSILOVITCH MAMANOF.

One of the Empress' rooms in her palace of Tsarskoye-Selo. Double doors at right and left. In the center, at back, a French window opening on a formal garden.

The period is late in July, 1784.

At the rise of the curtain, the Empress Catherine is writing at a large table in the center of the room. She is fifty-six. Wears mourning.

DASHKOF

(Comes in from the right. Also in mourning.) Imperial Majesty....

CATHERINE

What is it?

DASHKOF

Madam, it is Prince Patiomkin.

CATHERINE

I cannot see him.

DASHKOF

Madam, I have said so. But he refuses to go.

CATHERINE

(Laying down her pen with a sigh.) Say to him that I am too feeble and sorrowful to see anyone—that I cannot look on a human face without being choked with tears.

DASHKOF

Madam, I shall again. *(Goes out.)*
(Catherine takes up her pen.)

DASHKOF

(Re-entering presently.) Your Majesty....

CATHERINE

(Goes on writing.) Well

DASHKOF

Their Imperial Highnesses, the Grand Duke Paul and the Grand Duchess.

CATHERINE

What does my son want of me?

DASHKOF

Both their Highnesses have come from Petersburg to comfort your Majesty with their expressions of sympathy.

CATHERINE

I will have none of their expressions. Let them go back to Petersburg. Is to-day Tuesday?

DASHKOF

Yes, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

(Stops writing.) It is nearly two months since—since Lanskoï.... They are late with their expressions.

DASHKOF

On the contrary, their Highnesses were among the first. Only your Majesty was too ill, too prostrated....

CATHERINE

Ach, Dashkof, I don't know what will become of me. I cannot sleep or eat; reading wearies me and writing is too much for me! He was so gentle, so kind, so good!

DASHKOF

Madam, he was indeed.

CATHERINE

He shared what sorrows I had and rejoiced in my joys!

DASHKOF

Your Majesty is not alone in her grief. Everyone who knew the General loved him.

CATHERINE

Ach, how true! Even Patiomkin. They were like brothers—only they never quarreled; or father and son.... Is he in the ante-chamber?

DASHKOF

The Prince? I presume so. He declared he would never leave it until your Majesty consented to see him.

CATHERINE

My poor Patiomkin! (*Takes snuff.*) Say to him, and to my son, that I am better—that I no longer have any fever or inflammation of the throat—but that I wish to be alone with my grief.

DASHKOF

Madam, I shall tell them. (*Goes out.*) (*Catherine picks up her pen; but instead of writing, looks out of the window.*)

DASHKOF

(*Re-entering.*) Your Majesty....

CATHERINE

(*Irrritated.*) Again!

DASHKOF

Their Highnesses have left. The Prince wishes to know if your Majesty will affix her signature to these papers....

CATHERINE

Am I to be bothered with papers at such a time! I see, I shall have to shut myself up in a convent. Yes, in a convent!

PATIOMKIN

(*Half opening the door and thrusting his head in.*) Little Mother....

CATHERINE

Is it you, Patiomkin?

PATIOMKIN

(*Entering and advancing.*) I am come to mingle my tears with thine, Little Mother. May I come in? (*He, too, wears mourning.*)

CATHERINE

Since you already have....

PATIOMKIN

If the Little Mother should shut herself up in a convent, what will become of us?

CATHERINE

Do you usually listen at the keyhole?

PATIOMKIN

(*Proudly.*) Always—when it is a question of serving my Empress. Her Imperial Majesty has mourned long enough.

CATHERINE

You have made me smile.

PATIOMKIN

If only I could persuade your Majesty to walk in the sun; receive the new Austrian ambassador, or affix her signature to these papers—while she has hold of a pen.

CATHERINE

(*Relinquishing her hold of the pen.*) I have been trying to write a letter to my gossip Grimm, but I find the effort too much for me.... Ach, Patiomkin, never in my life have I been as wretched as I am now! Never have I loved anyone as I have Lanskoi!.... I had hoped that he would be the support of my old age.

PATIOMKIN

We must all of us bow before the will of God, Little Mother. Your Majesty is still young and a great queen.

CATHERINE

I am not what I was.

PATIOMKIN

Catherine II is the admiration of all Europe!

CATHERINE

Ach, I am weary of all my greatness.... At present, I am only a woman—and in despair.... Be seated, dear friend. It does me good to pour out my heart to you....

PATIOMKIN

And me to receive it. I, too, loved Lanskoi. He, at least, was not altogether unworthy of your Majesty.

CATHERINE

No. It was I—I who was unworthy.

PATIOMKIN

Your Majesty unworthy!

CATHERINE

Yes.

PATIOMKIN

Does the Little Mother mean there were others?

CATHERINE

No. Never. In the four years in which he was with me, Lanskoi was all my joy. The Archangel Michael would not have tempted me. No, nor the Devil himself!

PATIOMKIN

Then, I don't understand..

CATHERINE

My friend, I do not reproach myself with having loved Lanskoi too little; I reproach myself with having loved him too much. It might have been better for him if there had been—others.

PATIOMKIN

This is a morbid fancy of the sick room, Little Mother.

CATHERINE

No. He had had an attack of the quinsy before—two years ago. It was after that that he began to use drugs, stimulants.

PATIOMKIN

Stimulants! I had no suspicion....

CATHERINE

Nor I—until yesterday! I found the prescriptions among his papers with a memorandum. I sent for the physician who had attended him.... It was only too true. He loved me! He did not wish to disappoint me! The spirit was not unwilling; it was the flesh that was weak!

PATIOMKIN

Little Mother. Darling Little Mother, you are not to blame. You did not know. While he lived, his every wish was fulfilled. He was radiant—happy....

CATHERINE

Yes. He was fond of me. I did what I could.

PATIOMKIN

And when he was confined to his bed—your Majesty herself—a mother could have done no more for her child.

CATHERINE

I was with him until the end. That is my one consolation.... He was an angel!

PATIOMKIN

(Gently.) There are other angels, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

Yes. In heaven.

PATIOMKIN

In your Majesty's Guards.

CATHERINE

None like Lanskoï.

PATIOMKIN

I grant your Majesty *that*.

CATHERINE

I shall remain faithful to his memory.
I shall never have another Aide de Camp.

PATIOMKIN

Your Majesty, at least, should not deny herself to her friends.

CATHERINE

You are the only friend I have left. You have the gift of sympathy.... At present, I can do nothing but sit here and look out of the window.... I can see his grave from here. It is marked by a little white shaft....

PATIOMKIN

(*Looking out of the window.*) One can scarcely see it for the shrubbery.

CATHERINE

I shall have a mausoleum erected, as soon as I find a sculptor. I shall send to Paris or Rome....

PATIOMKIN

Are there no sculptors in Russia, Little Mother?

CATHERINE

None worthy.

PATIOMKIN

There is a young friend of mine, Dmitrieff Vassilovitch Mamanof, who is by way of being a sculptor.

CATHERINE

An amateur?

PATIOMKIN

Only in so far as he is a gentleman by profession.

CATHERINE

I have never heard of him.

PATIOMKIN

He is quite young. If I am not mis-

taken, he possesses extraordinary talent.

CATHERINE

For sculpture?

PATIOMKIN

For everything.

CATHERINE

I see, a universal genius. (*Takes snuff.*) And do you seriously propose that I entrust the execution of my Lanskoï's monument to this young friend of yours

PATIOMKIN

Madam, I propose nothing.

CATHERINE

Then, why mention this Mamanof?

PATIOMKIN

He has already made a model for a mausoleum. He has begged me on his knees a thousand times to procure him an audience with your Majesty.

CATHERINE

He has seen us?

PATIOMKIN

Three months ago—at a review. Your Majesty wore the Hussar uniform.

CATHERINE

Three months ago.... Ach, how happy I was then!

PATIOMKIN

He had the presumption to admire your Majesty.

CATHERINE

(*Not unkindly.*) Let him submit his model for inspection; not himself!

(*Patiomkin takes a few steps in the direction of the door.*)

CATHERINE

Where are you going?

PATIOMKIN

To fetch the model.

CATHERINE

The fellow is at Tsarskoye-Selo?

PATIOMKIN

(*Bows.*) When I last saw him he was in the picture gallery admiring your Majesty's portrait. (*Returning.*) I had almost forgotten these papers.... Shall I bring them another time?

CATHERINE

Are they important?

PATIOMKIN

Very.

CATHERINE

Urgent?

PATIOMKIN

Should I have troubled my sovereign else?

CATHERINE

Give them to me.

(*Patiomkin places them before her; then goes. Catherine glances through each paper before signing. One paper she does not sign, it is in her hand when Patiomkin returns.*)

CATHERINE

My friend, you have recommended Count Vronsky for appointment as inspector of troops....

PATIOMKIN

What of it, Little Mother?

CATHERINE

Allow me to tell you that the miserable face of his wife is not worth the trouble you will have with such a man. Nor have you any chance there. The little Countess is charming, if you will; but virtuous.

PATIOMKIN

One can never be sure.

CATHERINE

My friend, I am accustomed to tell you the truth. You do the same with me when there is occasion for it. Oblige me in this instance by choosing some one more suitable for the post, one

who knows the work, so that the approval of the army and of the public may crown your choice and my nomination.

PATIOMKIN

I can think of no one else; unless, perhaps, Ivan Pavlovitch Yermlof.

CATHERINE

Has he a charming wife, too?

PATIOMKIN

(*Acknowledging the hit with a bow.*)

No, Imperial Majesty. But he possesses almost every other qualification.

CATHERINE

Ivan Pavlovitch Yermolof?....

PATIOMKIN

A captain in your Majesty's Guards.... With your Majesty's permission—here is the model for the mausoleum. (*He uncovers it.*)

CATHERINE

Ach, the mausoleum! I can think of nothing but my Lanskoi's mausoleum.... (*Examining it.*) It appears to me excellent!

PATIOMKIN

I am of the same opinion as your Majesty.

CATHERINE

But then, as you know, I know nothing of such things. I only know what I like.

PATIOMKIN

It will make a very beautiful mausoleum.

CATHERINE

Ach, I will have nothing but the most beautiful mausoleum in the world! He himself would have wished it.

PATIOMKIN

He would have wished something exquisitely proportioned, but large like this. As to whether or not it will be the

most beautiful mausoleum in the world.
I can't say. It probably would.

CATHERINE

He would have known. He had excellent taste in such things.... What do these figures represent?

PATIOMKIN

The Muses?

CATHERINE

Absurd. The Muses are nine.

PATIOMKIN

What I should have said was the Graces. What more natural than that the Graces should mourn for him who possessed them both.

CATHERINE

Both!

PATIOMKIN

There are two figures.

CATHERINE

Yes. But three Graces. And the three are always represented together.

PATIOMKIN

Then, I don't know. If your Majesty would like Dmitrieff Vassilovitch to explain....

CATHERINE

He is in the ante-chamber?

PATIOMKIN

It occurred to me that your Majesty might wish to discuss the mausoleum.

CATHERINE

My friend, you think that if I see this young friend of yours I shall be so taken with him that I will make him my Aide de Camp; and make you a present of a hundred thousand roubles. Is it not so?

PATIOMKIN

God knows, Little Mother, I have need of a hundred thousand roubles!

CATHERINE

You are mistaken. I shall never have another Aide de Camp.

PATIOMKIN

Never?

CATHERINE

Never. You may bring in this Dmitrieff Vassilovitch Mamanof.

PATIOMKIN

Now, your Majesty?

CATHERINE

I wish to discuss the mausoleum.

(Patiomkin bows and goes into the ante-chamber. Catherine rings. Princess Dashkof comes in.)

CATHERINE

Will you bring me my mirror?

DASHKOF

Certainly, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

(Examining her face in the mirror.)
Ach, Dashkof, I am not what I was!

DASHKOF

Your Majesty has been ill.... If your Majesty would consent to make use of a little rouge.

CATHERINE

No. It is bad for the skin. Besides, what does it matter now how I look!.... You may tell Patiomkin to come in.

(Princess Dashkof goes. Patiomkin comes in, followed immediately by Dmitrieff Vassilovitch Mamanof, a fine figure of a young man dressed for the occasion, who bows almost to his knee, and remains in that position until Catherine addresses him.)

CATHERINE

(In an impressive, royal manner.)
Dmitrieff Vassilovitch, we have examined the model you have made for a mausoleum. We are pleased that you should have laboured in anticipation of our commission.... We are also pleased with the model. *(He again bows almost*

to his knee.) You have studied in Paris and Rome?

MAMANOF

In both Paris and Rome, Imperial Majesty.

CATHERINE

How long in each?

MAMANOF

Six months in Paris; a year and a half in Rome.

CATHERINE

You have made good use of your time apparently.... It is one of the regrets of our life that, in all probability, we shall never see Paris. While we were Grand Duchess it was not to be thought of; and now that we are Empress we are too busy governing. What do you think?

MAMANOF

That Paris is the most delightful place in the world, your Imperial Majesty, after Petersburg.

CATHERINE

We love Russia as we love no other country in the world! How old are you?

MAMANOF

Twenty-three, your Imperial Majesty. I shall be twenty-four in September.

CATHERINE

The month is immaterial. You are somewhat young to be entrusted with so important a commission. You have made many monuments?

MAMANOF

I have made more models than monuments, your Majesty. I have had no patron as yet, and I am poor.

CATHERINE

Poverty is no disgrace. It is rather a recommendation where there is merit.

PATIOMKIN

(*Who until now has been discreet in the background.*) God knows, Little Mother, there is no one in the world so poor as I am—or possessed of such merit!

CATHERINE

Prince, you are absurd. We have made you the richest man in Russia. If you are poor, it is because you are the most extravagant.

PATIOMKIN

I—extravagant!

CATHERINE

Is it surprising you are so successful with ladies!

PATIOMKIN

Unsuccessful, Madam. Since your Majesty refuses to appoint Count Vronsky inspector of troops.

CATHERINE

What matters the little Countess among so many! I am told that at home you sit on a divan surrounded by as many ladies as the Grand Turk.

PATIOMKIN

It is a lie!

CATHERINE

(*Haughtily.*) Do you forget in whose presence you are?

PATIOMKIN

(*Unabashed.*) I have been slandered to your Majesty. The divan can only accommodate twelve ladies with myself in the center.

CATHERINE

(*Laughs.*) One can see how that would be.... (*To Mamanof, in her impressive, royal manner.*) Dmitrieff Vassilovitch, be so good as to inform us what these figures represent. Obviously, they are neither the Muses nor the Graces....

MAMANOF

Madam, they are simply two mourning figures. I have placed one on either side because that was needed to balance the composition.

CATHERINE

Extraordinary!

MAMANOF

I beg of your Majesty to tell me what she thinks of it.

CATHERINE

My opinion is of no value. I recommend you to the judgment of your own conscience and posterity.

MAMANOF

My posterity is your Majesty. The other may come when it will.

CATHERINE

Not at all. How can you submit yourself to my opinion? I do not even know how to draw. This is perhaps the first good model I have ever seen in my life.... We understand that you were present three months ago at a review?

MAMANOF

At a review?

PATIOMKIN

(*To Mamanof.*) When you had the presumption to admire her Majesty.

CATHERINE

(*To Patiomkin.*) Will you be quiet?
(*To Mamanof. Very gracious, yet very dignified.*) You presumed to admire us.

MAMANOF

It was impossible for a man to do otherwise than admire your Majesty. Your Majesty was mounted and in the Hussar uniform.

CATHERINE

Ach, we know how changed we must appear to you in these widow's weeds... We have been ill.... We have had the misfortune to lose our kind, our dearest

friend!.... He as a young man whom we were educating. He was attentive, he learnt much, he acquired all our tastes.... He read all the poets one winter, and began on the historians the next.... (*Takes snuff. There are tears in her eyes.*) How long will it be before the mausoleum is completed?

MAMANOF

At the least....several months, your Imperial Majesty.

CATHERINE

You will begin at once. We shall provide whatever you need.

MAMANOF

Your Majesty is a father and mother to me.

CATHERINE

You may kiss our hand.

MAMANOF

(*Dropping on one knee.*) I belong to your Majesty body and soul. (*Kissing her hand reverently.*) I beg of your Majesty to make what use of me she will.

CATHERINE

We have already begun to make use of you; and shall continue to do so.... The audience is at an end.

(*Mamanof rises, bows and withdraws.*)

PATIOMKIN

(*Coming forward.*) What does your Majesty think—is he not charming.

CATHERINE

Yes.

PATIOMKIN

Intelligent?

CATHERINE

Yes.

PATIOMKIN

Well-educated?

CATHERINE

Yes.

PATIOMKIN

Graceful.

CATHERINE

Very graceful.

PATIOMKIN

Beautiful?

CATHERINE

The outline is good, but the coloring is poor.

PATIOMKIN

Because he is not a blonde?

CATHERINE

(*Slowly.*) No. He is not unlike.... There is even a resemblance.

PATIOMKIN

To Lanskoi?

CATHERINE

You have not noticed it?

PATIOMKIN

No.

CATHERINE

I think it is the expression of the eyes....

PATIOMKIN

It is possible that he is still in the ante-chamber....

CATHERINE

I shall never have another Aide de Camp!

PATIOMKIN

I trust your Majesty is not thinking again of a convent?

CATHERINE

No. We are Empress of Russia by the grace of God; and shall remain so, as long as God wills.

PATIOMKIN

I pray God it may be for a thousand years!

CATHERINE

I do not. I should be old and ugly before the first hundred.

PATIOMKIN

What difference would that make, since your Majesty is determined to live always alone.

CATHERINE

My friend, even if I live to be a hundred, I shall never have another Aide de Camp. Unless....

PATIOMKIN

Unless, your Majesty?....

CATHERINE

Unless I find another Lanskoi—which is impossible!

PATIOMKIN

I agree with your Majesty—it is improbable. With your Majesty's permission, I will gather up these papers and go.

CATHERINE

(*Detaining him.*) We have yet to appoint an inspector of troops; have we not?

PATIOMKIN

Yes, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

Shall I appoint Captain Yermolof?

PATIOMKIN

As your Majesty pleases.

CATHERINE

But it is you who have recommended him.

PATIOMKIN

I?

CATHERINE

Of course.

PATIOMKIN

I have recommended so many for the post.

CATHERINE

But you will admit that Captain Yermolof is the only one you have recommended who is suitable....

PATIOMKIN

True, Madam.

(Catherine writes the appointment and gives it to him.)

PATIOMKIN

The resemblance of which your Majesty speaks—it is curious that I have never noticed it.

CATHERINE

You have known Dimitrieff Vassilovitch long?

PATIOMKIN

Two years.

CATHERINE

I think it is not so much the expression of the eyes as the nose.

PATIOMKIN

I am unable to say.

CATHERINE

Perhaps, I am mistaken....

PATIOMKIN

It is usually I who am mistaken.

CATHERINE

It is possible that if I were to see him again, I should not notice any resemblance at all....

(Patiomkin starts toward the door to the ante-chamber.)

CATHERINE

Where are you going?

PATIOMKIN

To fetch Dimitrieff Vassilovitch.

CATHERINE

You will do nothing of the kind.

PATIOMKIN

He may have waited in the ante-chamber.

CATHERINE

Do you think so?

PATIOMKIN

Shall I, at least, see?

CATHERINE

You might look through the keyhole.

PATIOMKIN

(On one knee, looking through the keyhole.) He has! I see him! *(Patiomkin is about to open the door.)*

CATHERINE

No.... Not now. Perhaps, later—in a week or two.

PATIOMKIN

As your Majesty pleases.

CATHERINE

Very well. Have it your own way.

PATIOMKIN

If your Majesty would prefer some other time?... ..

CATHERINE

Do as I tell you. Wait in the ante-chamber until I send.

(Patiomkin goes. Catherine rings. Princess Dashkof comes in.)

CATHERINE

Dashkof, will you bring me my mirror?

DASHKOF

Certainly, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

(Examining her face in the mirror.) Ach, Dashkof, what do you think?.... Perhaps, a little rouge?....

CURTAIN

Two Poems

By DONALD DAVIDSON

CORYMBA

Corymba has bound no snood
Upon her yellow hair.
But better so, no doubt,
Since the pale youths look elsewhere
At sleek curves and proud glitter
And flesh powdered and bare.

She has gone with a jaded youth
To a sudatorium.
The sweating there is of movement
To a cacaphonic drum.
The bodies flex, the arms twine
In rhythmic delirium.

Her limbs seem delicate
For labors such as these.
Does her plasm breed toxin
From phonic ecstacies?
At the small hours, the gaudy hours
She projects new mysteries.

Who shall say in mockery,
"Cheeks were too hotly flushed!"
Or "That knee still touched too closely
After the drum was hushed?"
Over her eyes certain
And trance-like beauty has brushed.

She has heard a silvery jangle
From the slight harps of the moon,
The maddening sistrum shaken
For Isis' warm commune,
Seen arms lifted, bosoms bared
In far other rig-a-doon,

Has of old spun tinkling feet
 In a fearful sacred way
 Down the dark aisle where Shiva
 Nods to his trembling ballet,
 Till the gongs peal, and the priests come,
 And Shiva breathes on clay.

Corymba has not rejected
 Familiarities.
 It is past noon. She dozes,
 With half drawn-up knees,
 Thinking of new stockings
 And other such verities.

Dryad

The choric beauty of the stars
 Enmeshed her wasting soul by night;
 Her heart went hungering on the winds,
 The city's straitened acolyte.

Her hopes, mured at the gingham counter,
 Her loveliness that was unspent,
 Uncloaked them in her innocent eyes,
 A wild, unshameful armament.

She saw the faun's ears in his hair
 Beneath a Leghorn—latest cut—
 And goat-legs underneath his suit
 Crooked with a strangely familiar strut.

She heard an oaten pipe, a shout
 Of old delirious satyr's laughter,
 And when the slim youth beckoned her,
 Her prancing senses drew her after.

She found? What cities could not give,
 Bare beauty by a careless pool.
 She lost? That is for reasoners
 And titillators of the School.

Gardens of Captivity

By DOROTHY PAUL

ASA SEKI makes sandals, in a thatched Japanese Village on the edge of the barley-fields. His hut has a mud floor and a roof of straw. If you pass the little house of Asa-san you will hear him singing above the tap of his hammer. Through the open door you will see him sitting on the silvery-white matting of a little platform raised well above the floor of mud. His old eyes will smile up at you over their steel-bowed spectacles if you look in upon him, and his glance follows yours to where a branch of wild pomegranate in a little pot of clay burns scarlet against the grey rice-paper-shoji, he will smile again. And you will know that it is only with his hands that Asa-san makes sandals. To make sandals with your heart is another thing—a grey thing. But the heart of Asa-san is busied about wild pomegranates—and so he sings above the tap of the hammer.

But then, quests are circles, always. Traveling them we come, at last, to the thing we seek—where we left it. A trite enough little paradox; for who hasn't found, on some small journey or other, that he must have the thing he seeks before he can seek it, and seek it before it can ever be his? . . . Wild pomegranates are in the heart first, or they could never be in the earthen jar. . . .

You need see so little of Japan—Japan lifted up on her silver-white mat

above the floor of mud; Japan who can ply a trade with her fingers and still smile with her eyes out of a dreamer's heart—you need see so little of it to know it for a house of pomegranates—one of the last on earth—fine and rare, aye, and obsolescent, as the old lost stitches in her marvelous tapestries, and the lost blues of her porcelains.

Climb the myriad steps to a Buddhist service some sweet April morning in old Kyoto. Terrace by terrace the cadenced steps will beckon up. Pink and white cherry blossoms, will sweep across them, scattering silken petals over the sheer cascades of granite stairs, and over the climbing throng of multi-colored worshippers.

In an amphitheatre of blue-black cryptomerias the ancient huge grey temple waits benignly. It does not invite; it does not importune. It waits—and smiles. At the outer steps of polished shining wood, the shoes of every worshipper are left behind—hundreds of little clattering, shuffling sandals of wood and lacquer and straw—and in the soft white shiro-kutsu they climb the temple steps, and cross the threshold onto the desert of shining spotless matting.

One kneels there, and it is very still. No smirking frock-coated gentleman who sells you butter-and-eggs of a week-day ushers you to a private bit of pew and shuts the door upon you unctuously. You kneel where you may, hatless and

unshod, shoulder-to-shoulder with your rikisha-coolie, and touch your forehead to the matting close to his; and your worships differ, as worships will, with the thing that is in your heart and in his. Nor can you look about, quite honestly, without seeing faces—kind, wizened, humble old faces, some of them—whose plane of prayer you would like to have attained to; coolie faces, chiselled fine and thin with lines which the toil of the body etches so kindly when the spirit stands warm within and smiles through the window panes at the work of the frost; faces of children who know the big measures of joy that live in little things; faces of women who have grown old graciously, whimsically, touched only to honey by the frost; young faces of women lovely with the repose of quiet content—a people whose faces tell you, by every outward sign, that they have accepted life as they would a bowl of tea at the hands of a gracious host, gravely, confidently, ceremoniously, with due regard to the gentle obligation of guests.

Before the shrine within the temple, a curtain of gold is drawn, and across it cherry blossoms net their rose and white stars among the scented flame of candles. Little golden bowls of sake and rice stand before the jeweled mitamaya, with jade and yellow heaps of kumquats and of April oranges. The priests in their black robes with bands and copes of golden-stiff brocade, move gently to and fro through the blue heavy haze of creeping incense. Music falls softly and continuously across the murmured chant of the priests, and the eager rushing whisper of prayers—"Namu Amida-Butsu?—Namu Amida-

Butsu!"—and that is all. You have made your own worship, as you must make your own religion, if you have one. You have prayed, if you have found a prayer in your heart. You have not been prayed for. They were your own thoughts that you lifted up to the Great Perhaps behind the golden curtain.

Not a very occidentally orthodox service—a service for the cherry-blossoms; a thanksgiving, not for material things, but for the renascence of loveliness; a laying on the altar of new spring blossoms, of green and gold spring fruits; a lifting up of the rice and wine of every day, and the praying of a thousand prayers—little warm individual prayers, sweet and quick-flung as wild cherry-blossoms—not of fear—not for spiritual accident-insurance—but of gladness—April gladness.

It is old, that temple. The edges of the terraced steps are worn with century on century of climbing feet; the stone lanterns that line the way are blackened with the smoke of countless lightings, and worn with the snow and wind and mountain-rain of generations. Going down, a pilgrim among many, you cannot but get the message of that age-smoothed stone, the message that the ancient temple smiles to you from its circle of black trees:

"O, you of the West, why have I stood so long?—why do my worshipers throng so eagerly?" . . . A mist of wild peach-blossoms laughs lightly across the vista of grey steps; the scented snow of green-and-silver plum-petals eddies about the stone lanterns; a slim white cherry-tree in her April bridal-veil stands tip-toe on a ledge of gracious

camphor-trees; the wide-flung temple-gardens blaze with azaleas and beckon with tended loveliness; the carved and gilded altar-room is rich with worship—worship in embroideries that cost a life-time, carvings that were the work of generations, priest-service made of whole gentle meditating existences—it is a shrine to Beauty—Beauty generously worshipped, gratefully worshipped with unshod feet and forehead upon the matting, and with gifts such as “A king gives to the king”—but Beauty that blooms first in the heart, like the wild pomegranates of Asa the cobbler.

Look at the face of the old Buddhist who leads the march of the priests. Eighty-five years old they tell you he is. He trembles, and kneels feebly, with much assistance, and under the stiff brocaded cope of gold you see an old sweet gentle face that wears something of the Daibutsu’s smile—something of the look of dream and vision that desert-dwellers have—the face of a man who has known the open-spaces and the stars.

The faces of the priests who take you about the cloisters wear the same serenity; no hint of the oily cunning of priest-craft, but quick smiles of gentle courtesy and the little marks at the corners of the eyes “where the blackbirds of happiness come to drink at the wells of the spirit.” It is in the faces of the kneeling hundreds in the outer courts of the temple; in the gentleness of the women; in the completely-offered smiles of the little gay-obi-ed children—the love of loveliness—the worship of loveliness—the reaching out toward The Great Unknowable with temple gardens—lining the upward way with the

young laughter of cherry-trees, and the glad beckoning of scarlet toriis and the glow of carven lanterns.

Coming back around the jewelled circle, must they not hold much of beauty who seek it so earnestly and worship it so finely?

We of the West—we who buy so eagerly and pay so lavishly, with such naive pride in the paying—is the leisure for loveliness a jewel beyond our purchase? Is the making of loveliness a thing beyond our fingers?—beyond our spirits? Shall we make our gods forever “out of mud and horns dropped in the mire,” and never “because the caravans brought turquoises?” Shall we pray forever “Save our souls!” rather than “Give us souls to save!”—“Give us hunger of spirit that we may stand among the quick?” Shall we toil forever, dyed to the elbows in the Vats of Tyre, and never wear the robe of purple upon our own shoulders? Nor ever put off our shoes in the outer courts of some high temple and, leaving our purses behind us, go in to offer a wild cherry branch at the shrine of a dream?

A sterner prophet than the gentle Buddha saw the need of it, saw the long black bondage to be lightened, saw beyond the thundering forth of iron laws and the broadening of philacteries, to the little hearts, the tired, enslaved, bewildered, groping little hearts, athirst for the brooks of Jordan, and a-weary for the rose-thickets of Damascus and the wild grey olives of Judea and the hyssop blowing by the walls of Nazareth, saw—who knows?—the power to which those groping hearts should wake, living by his word in the dim far centuries to come; saw the vineyards they

should prune and the temples they should build, the stewardship they should hold in a Great House, the high clean covenant they should keep with their fathers, before they might come again to

David's City—surely he saw it all, when he said to his desolate people, captive by the waters of Babylon: "Behold, this captivity is long. . . . plant ye therefore gardens: and eat the fruit of them."

Arrestment

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

I will no longer seek—I am tired and blind.
 My hands are shadows that the shadows bind.
 And yet, each year the blind leaves push and peer
 From iron boughs. I cannot say the trees
 Have sought or ceased, or known uncertainties.
 I sent myself too far, perhaps . . . I found
 There is no way to follow to its star
 The light that breaks in crystal on the ground.
 There are no distances: I cannot see
 Beyond the line of poplars at my door.
 All is a mist—a gray vacuity. . . .
 And now the tremulous poplars bud once more!
 It is like music, like a pastoral-horn
 Sounding across old chasms. There is born
 A delicate color somewhere in my brain—
 An ecstasy made clear and visible.
 The poplars draw their rigid parallel
 Against the gray; but I have traveled far
 To trace all starshine to a single star.
 Beauty is but a sickness of the mind—
 And yet, and yet I cannot say the trees
 Have sought or ceased, or known uncertainties;
 Or answer what the roots of poplars find.

The Pig

By WILBUR LAURENCE NEEDHAM

WHEN Kerukoff and his guard came in, there was silence. The fifteen figures huddled about the fire watched him gravely and said nothing. When he left, a wave of conversation eddied in his wake.

"Kerukoff is a pig," observed Bornilskoy, poking the rather futile fire in the hope that it might spring to life and help them to forget the Baltic cold surrounding the hut.

"That is so," affirmed Lalsk. "Always it is the highest who is the lowest. Kerukoff is a pig."

The door opened again and Kerukoff appeared with a small pile of snow-covered faggots in his arms. Part of the storm entered with him, and Lalsk protested.

"Close the door, Kerukoff! You are not in Tsarskoye-Selo now!" At this there was a chorus of grunts, the best the men could muster in the way of a laugh.

"Have you been to the forest this day?" Kerukoff asked in his mild voice.

"I have not!" answered Lalsk: "I am not possessed of a devil, that I need go forth in the cold to cast him out! I have not been to the forest this day nor any other day!"

"No? But I have. And I saw fifteen pigs in a hovel, and they were nosing a beautiful naked maiden, dead from the cold."

They sat around the meagre fire

while Kerukoff's new faggots thawed. There was no wind without; only a stagnant stillness, immutable and frozen into the semblance of a shroud. Serried flakes added themselves to the thickening sheet over the surface of the famished Livonian province.

"If Kolchak does not come before long," pronounced Bornilskoy grimly, "we shall starve."

"Before long?" echoed Saratov from his bunk, out of which he had not moved for three days. "You mean before tomorrow!"

"I do," Bornilskoy replied; "but you are too truthful for our courage."

Saratov almost laughed. "What need have you of courage—or I? The wolves will feed on us before Admiral Kolchak ever reaches Riga."

"And if he does come in time," added Lalsk, "will he have food with him?"

The others did not answer, for no answer was possible or expected. After a moment, Saratov began to cry like a child.

"Shut up!" ordered Bornilskoy.

"You, Bornilskoy!" retorted Saratov through his sobs. "You tell me to keep quiet when you were the one who made us hold Kerukoff! If we had given him up to the Tsarists in the first place, we would not be trapped here; and now—! You fool! Kerukoff could not save us now by escaping if we let him!" Saratov dropped his head back on the bench which was his sick-bed, whimpering

without reserve. Bornilskoy snorted and edged nearer the fire.

Eight days passed, as like as the unending drift of snowflakes piling whiteness around and over the hut. Saratov no longer spoke to them, his diseased face to the wall; and he did not even reply to Bornilskoy's occasional question.

There had been no food for a fortnight, and fuel was increasingly hard to find.

Lalsk came in from a forage, accompanied by another of the fifteen Reds. Kerukoff followed with his guard. None of them brought an item of food. Kerukoff had a half dozen sticks, reclaimed painfully from the snow. Kerukoff's hands were raw, and Lalsk suffered even through his bearskin gloves.

Since they said nothing, Bornilskoy knew that there was no sight of Kolchak in the Gulf of Riga.

When night had fallen sullenly upon them and blotted out the stretch of wooded land between the hut and the distant Gulf, Lalsk took Bornilskoy aside and spoke privately with him. The immobile faces of the thirteen Livonians squatted around the fire were brought out gauntly in hunger-lines. Kerukoff stood apart, as always, refusing to mix with the Reds in any sacrifice of pride for comfort.

"But Belebey said——" Bornilskoy was heard in protest. Kolchak's messenger, Alexander Belebey, glanced around from his place at the fire. Lalsk shook his head and waved him back. He

spoke to Bornilskoy in lowered syllables, making sure that no one should have a share in the talk.

When dark was nearly dawn, and the men had fallen into what sleep they might find on empty stomachs and uneasy hearts, Lalsk arose and left the fire with discreet movements. His step sounded lightly on the earth floor.

In the Gulf of Riga, a few miles away, a long turreted mass of steel plunged through the gloom. The engines of the destroyer stopped their throbbing. A Russian voice gave command, and a heavy splash followed as the anchor was cast.

Within the hut, Bornilskoy and Lalsk were ripping the boards and hangings off the walls. The fire took courage with a piece of old tapestry in its teeth, and soon there was a warm blaze. Several of the men awoke, rubbed sleepy eyes, grinned in gratitude, and dropped off to sleep again.

* * *

Dawn came, blood-red between the charcoal fingers of the trees. Smoke drifted upward from the chimney, and with it the odor of cooking. Voices of men raised in hoarse song issued through the seams of the hut.

Bornilosky came forth, drawing on his gloves. Lalsk followed him.

"There will be one less aristocrat at Tsarskoye-Selo; we can at least tell Kolchak that much if he ever comes," spoke Bornilskoy.

"Bah! Kerukoff was a pig!" said Lalsk, licking his lips.

The Sword Converses With a Philosopher

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Sword—

The Hindoo raises his arms
And holds them level with his shoulders
Till they become still and permanent, like horizons.
But I prefer to stumble
Into abrupt harmonies
That must ever be flung aside.
With one quick slash I cut
Lips of death upon an expressionless breast,
And a vermilion sincerity
Pardons the sophistry of flesh
It is better to make
And leave the moments of a poem
Than to erect an ingenious pedestal
Upon which blindness solemnly squats.

Philosopher—

Men's tongues are slow, and they have made you
To avenge their hidden shame at this.
You give startling girdles to virgins,
Red beards to thieves,
And writhing necklaces to children,
Because the tongues of men are slow
And revel in your quicker rhythms.
An idiot whirls you around his head
And persuades himself that he is swift.
Imagination drenches his eyes
And he spreads himself flat on your blade.

Sword—

You are merely a dwarf
With an elaborate face,
Drowning with imposing shrieks
In an ocean that does not see you.
Men hear your howls and proudly run
Into the waters, to drown beside you.
All of your words are concentrated
Into the glittering censure of my blade!

Philosopher—

Life wraps its layer of touch around one,
 Like a haunting blanket
 Smothering the taunting lips of a child.
 Curving their fingers around your hilt
 Men strive to purchase the triumph
 Of an imagined escape.
 I teach them to plaintively weave
 Schemes of consolation
 On the broad texture of their lives.
 You tell them to slash the fabric,
 Reaching into the black space underneath it.
 You are not a symbol of cruelty,
 An innocent impatience
 Sharpens the comedy of your blade!

Sword—

Men have only two choices—
 To worship idols or mimic fireflies.
 And I lend my strength to their choice,
 Teaching them to abandon
 The harlequin raptures of words.

Philosopher—

You bring them yearning turbulence,
 And I, a quick-tongued refuge.
 Silence will pardon both of us.

Dalliance

By PAUL S. NICKERSON

The butterfly never goes straight
 To the heart of the lotus,
 Even when winds are still.

The Box of Pandora

By CHARMION VON WIEGAND

THREE o'clock on a Sunday afternoon in May. Outside a lowering grey sky and fitful gusts of rain—typical Berlin weather. Inside the German Theatre (Deutsches Theater) a crowd of Berliners, filling every available space—workingmen and their wives, clerks, stenographers, office boys, petty merchants and tradespeople, in short, members of that vast multitude whose only leisure for amusement is on Sunday. And the play which is to provide recreation, to take them out of themselves, and to lead them into the glamorous mimic world beyond the footlights? It is Frank Wedekind's "The Box of Pandora." Where else in the world could one find such a public and such a play met together on a quiet Sunday afternoon? Where else is there a public—eager, appreciative, enthusiastic—who could endure three hours of horror—a portrayal of life, bitter, cynical, robbed of illusion, in which all the perversities and meannesses of humanity are paraded naked? The obvious answer is only in Germany (and, perhaps, in Russia) where the universal suffering of the last years has eaten deep into the heart of the nation. In fact, the Germans have in common with the Slavs, a certain almost abnormal pleasure in tearing open their wounds and in revealing them to the public gaze, a certain masochistic delight in mental flagellation. Otherwise there is no adequate explanation of why people, whose

life is a terrible, uncertain struggle against the crushing realities of existence, pack the theatre when Wedekind is being played, instead of fleeing to light or frivolous diversion. In Berlin, Wedekind has his most appreciative audience. More than in any other German city, is he beloved there, for has he not expressed the crude and carnal spirit of Berlin, its modern, ugly, but powerful revolt against the narrow atmosphere of the smaller, bourgeois, tightly laced German communities?

And the performance? The prices have been lowered and the stars of the Deutsches Theatre are not in the cast, but the production is more than adequate. For forty marks (about 13 American cents) the best seat in the house is obtainable.

The curtain rises on an ugly, barren salon. On the left, sprawling on a spindle-legged sofa, is the bulky athlete, Rodrigo, in the red coat and brass buttons of a servant. In the center of the stage, under a triangle of glaring light from the lamp, stands Alwa Schön, the writer, a dark, heavy-faced man, his hair flung back, his face tense, his hands clenched. The thin form of the Countess Geschwitz is huddled in a chair on the right, her pale, perverse face full of resignation, her decadent, aristocratic hands limp with despair. One takes their names from the program. To those unfamiliar with the text, their speech is mysterious,

suggestive of horrible and slimy things. They spurt out hatred of life, cruel jests, and sordidness. There are the loud, pompous, abusive outpourings of the bestial Rodrigo; the passionate, intense questionings of Schön; the thin wail of sacrifice and suffering of the Countess. It is like a fugue—each one at a different tempo, each on a different theme—which never resolves itself, but bursts out into wild discords. Into this dissonant concert of woe, like a crash of brazen cymbals, comes Lulu, the daemonic woman, the incarnation of the earth spirit and sex fascination. The action becomes a symphony of horror and terror, the leit-motifs, lust and greed.

There is no attempt in the acting to approach absolute naturalism. Wedekind, as the father of modern German drama, is a link between naturalism and expressionism. The acting, too, hovers between the two styles. It is neither realistic nor wildly futuristic as in some of the newer plays. It is Wedekind's own style, reminding one in its conventionalization of a painting by Derain.

The story of the "Box of Pandora" is thin and without plot complications. It is its gallery of modern types—products of a rotten civilization—which holds the interest. It had its prologue in "Erdgeist," that much more powerful play, where the human menagerie was exhibited in all its bare-faced brutality. At the end of "Erdgeist," Lulu, the beautiful snake, who represents the supreme illusion of flesh, the end of all desire, is thrown into prison for the murder of her lover, Dr. Schön. When the "Box of Pandora" opens, her friends

have arranged her escape. It is the Countess Geschwitz (whose perverse passion for Lulu prompts her to infect herself with cholera, and, entering the prison, to go through a mock death in Lulu's name.) Lulu returns to her friends and freedom. Everyone is enamoured of her: Rodrigo, her fiancé, who wants to make an artist of her, Schön, who is writing a drama about her, and even old Schigolch, her supposed father, a slimy old reprobate, the most degenerate of them all, who understands her nature thoroughly. Lulu uses their passions to play them out one against another until they scream and claw each other like wild beasts. She cannot resist the fascination of loving the man whose father she murdered, and so she capriciously yields herself to Schön, eager for a new sensation to spur her jaded senses to a new climax of emotion.

We follow her in her escape to Paris, where we meet more types of the modern world: Magelone, the prostitute, and her innocent young daughter, who has the seeds of degeneracy in her too; the pimp, Marquis Casti-Piani, who wants to sell Lulu to an Egyptian brothel; the banker Puntschu, a speculator, who swindles the whole company with bad stocks; the journalist Heilmann, an unbelievable libertine, etc. Lulu, with the aid of the Lesbian countess and old Schigolch makes rid of Rodrigo, who wants to betray her to the police.

In the last act, we follow her to an attic in London, where she is supporting her faithful followers by bringing customers up from the street. Schön is killed when he attempts to defend her

from a negro's embrace. At the end comes Jack the Ripper, and though the Countess, in a last act of love, sacrifices her life, Lulu is murdered.

Thus Wedekind, without mercy, castigates our civilization. Life is a sink, filthy, unspeakably mean; there is no spark of pity, no humanity; each for himself, lonely, suffering, and infinitely mean in every crisis, hungry for all the madness of the flesh, which Lulu represents. With the eyes of a seer, Wedekind, long before the war, ("The Box of Pandora" was completed in 1901) peered at European culture, and with the knowing touch of the scientist, put his finger on its two running sores—lust and greed. He saw the abyss before Europe plunged. His is the des-

perate cry of a man unable to save, of a physician unable to heal; the cry of a man who knew the danger, but whose cry was lost in the unheeding laughter of the multitude. He is a prophet in the wilderness of materialism, a madman gnashing his teeth in utter impotence.

It is not without malicious satire that the first act is laid in Berlin, the second in Paris, and the third in London. It is thus Wedekind smashes his fist in the face of hypocrisy. It is among the English, in the capital of Anglo-Saxon Puritanism, that lust and depravity reach their lowest and most inhuman form. One wonders what a fourth act in New York would have been like, and to what horror it might have inspired Wedekind.

A Rainbow Over The Desert

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Distant—as rains that fell
Upon less wistful lands—
Has grown an arch for beauty
Above these thirsting sands.

For it no buds may swell
And no new leaf may stir,
Only—it gives a splendor
Above things as they were.

Only—my heart can tell
Of change that I can trace
In lights upon the desert's
Deep-lined and weary face!

'Arf and 'Arf

GERMS AND GENIUS

HAVE you adenoids? Is your blood pressure high? Are you a dyspeptic? Is there some congenital hangover in your anatomy? Then be cheered: you are a genius or at least potentially one. So the editor of *Smart Set* (presumably Mr. Mencken) and in another direction Dr. Abrams, Mr. Marky and company of *Pearson's* would have us believe.

In a late issue of *Smart Set*, department *Répétition Générale*, conducted by those terrestrial twins M. and N., squib 3, caption "Art and Health," we learn that: "Art is the child of ill health. In the whose history of art, *there is a negligible record of a completely sound and healthy man having produced a notable piece of work.*" (The italics are mine.) We learn, too, that Michelangelo during the last six years he was working on "The Last Judgment," suffered from violent intestinal disorders. (Think you the rumblings responsible?) Schumann, we learn, was a victim of syphilis when he composed his finest songs. (Syphilitic songs!) Stephen Crane suffered from acute alcoholism. (So, too, half the yeggs the world over.) "Shakespeare had gout when he wrote 'Hamlet.'" (At least a dozen old boys of our acquaintance with the same ailment haven't the inspiration to write a decent business letter.) Here's a rich one! "Ibsen had diabetes." (The great diabetic dramatist!) Life insurance statistics reveal the fact that one to every four or five of us has or will have "sugar" at some time or other in our lives. Swinburne's malady we are assured "every one is familiar with." (Are you?)

Here are several other clinical records of interest to the life insurance fraternity, psychoanalysts and pathologists. James Huneker had kidney trouble; Gluck, high blood pressure; Robert Greene suffered from indigestion and died from eating pickled herring! Anthony Trollope had gall stones!! And the naive gentleman who supplies us with this illuminating, but at the same time diverting, data does so quite solemnly, in deadly seriousness. Ah, H. L. M., rumor has it that you are visited by a chronic liver disorder. As for me, I suffer from old Greene's complaint along with some ten million others of our make-up. And yet neither you nor myself nor the ten millions alluded to have produced anything which in any way might be mistaken for a work of art. Perhaps, however, future years will lend us sturdier bacilli which, wreaking havoc 'on our various organisms, will in time hatch forth a masterpiece. Go out, my son, and drink methyl alcohol that you may become blinded and dash off another "Paradise Lost".

Dr. Abrams' blurb is even more entertaining. Dr. Abrams, we are assured by *Pearson's* hacks (hack and quack have a nice rhythmic affinity), can tell from the chiropgraphy of dead men the particular and peculiar diseases from which they suffered at the time of writing. Thus on February 7, 1775, a letter of Dr. Sam Johnson's exhibits the fact that he was syphilitic (acquired!) and tubercular. Similarly letters of Poe, Longfellow, Oscar Wilde, Samuel Pepys, and Bret Harte scrivened at varying intervals during the past three hundred years show that they, too, labored under a like handicap.

Here is a paragraph from one of these articles featured in *Pearson's*: "The frequency of congenital syphilis among literarians is fully in accord with Dr. Abrams' previous observations, which show that original capacity is identified with the development of a definite brain center, which in a state of irritation either attracts the syphilotoxins, or the latter are primarily present and maintain an irritable condition." If one were to regard flummery of this sort in a serious light he should probably exclaim, "Faugh, charlatanism, preposterous rot!" and so on. Agreed, quackery. But one smiles at the gullibility not only of readers, but of writers (self appointed) who exploit the stuff.

It seems to be a day of cheap sensationalism. The yellow press is yellower than ever and the jaundiced journals of the pseudo "advance guard" have taken on a sicklier hue. Skeletons are disinterred, old garbage raked up, carrion exhibited by pompous penny-a-liners who in another age would have been either completely ignored or unceremoniously kukluxe out of the country. Which leads me to conclude that shame and sham bear certain connotations, that clinic rhymes to cynic as well as quack to hack, and that it is both literally and literarily a smelly decade.

B. T.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

ABOUT eighteen months ago, one of the editors of this sheet called a judgment day of all the literary magazines in the country. The result was a weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth as he curtly dismissed each case. The consequence of this latter St. Bartholomew's Eve was a springing into life of scores of unselfishly non-commercial literary magazines over the land. As guardian of the national letters we found it again necessary to call a general levy and again pass final judgment on the fledglings.

However, so vigorous is the literary urge of the present generation that we find ourselves now well in the midst of a new crop of "magazines for the discriminating," which though published in continental Europe can nevertheless hardly escape the stigma of American. We refer prima-

rily to *Broom*, published in Rome, Italy; *Gargoyle*, published in Paris, France, and *Secession*, published vaguely somewhere in France, Germany, and Czecho-Slovakia.

Broom, *An International Magazine of The Arts*, is as American as wheat cakes and sausage. It is a large quarto sized affair, which weighs about a pound and a half and each issue represents a comfortable fortune invested in hand-made paper. We are giving the identification marks of *Broom* fearing lest you might miss it on the exclusive new stands, inasmuch as the title is generally printed in cipher, the key of which has never been furnished. Another method of identifying *Broom* is by the cover designs which look as though the artist had changed his mind in the midst of his labor and had attempted to ink out with varying results. Between the covers one finds photographs of the terrifying productions of Dada, Coocoo, Blahblah, and other neo-postultra moderns. The prose and verse entries are a combination of quite sound viable stuff and compositions which are a sort of private correspondence between their author and God. The essays are nearly always stimulating and intelligible; the verse though "modern" is often facile and frequently entertaining; the fiction—well, I do not feel qualified to speak of the fiction. My only impression of it is that it seems to have the intention of being slightly naughty and extremely original. Certainly the world of letters ought to be grateful to Mr. Löeb for his curious concoction.

Gargoyle is a slimmer, physically a more modest vessel. It appears to be the organ of the middle wing of the Moderns, in that it prints the work of young literary experimentalists who are unwilling to go the whole hog. The result is often a production which is modern only to those who are unfamiliar with the French and English authors of the eightennineties. Even though the precious "form" about which so many tears are shed is new, the tense of these entries is the purple one which Wilde, Huysmans, and Barbey d'Aurevilly employed. Dark waters beneath *Pont Neuf*, violets in the moon-lit meadows of *Saint Germain*. The tragic introspective amours of "artists" whose "Art" we have to take on faith. Let it be said, however, in defense of *Gargoyle* that in lieu of upsetting the world its editors have succeeded in turning out a magazine quite easy to read and interestingly indicative of what young Americans in Paris are doing besides merely having a high old time.

Secession is the least bulky of the three magazines. In size and thickness it resembles the pamphlets put out by the federal government explaining new statutes. Yet it is the most ambitious enterprise of them all. As the title implies it is an attempt to break away altogether from all schools and nearly all of the accepted paraphernalia of the literary worker. It is the journal of what attempts to be the extremest, leftest wing of

modern literature. Almost the whole magazine is written by three or four young Americans, and the well known boulevard Dadas, Messieurs Tzara, Soulpault, Appollonaire et cie. *Secession* loudly proclaims its contempt for what we poor Philistines are likely to think of as advanced periodicals such as *The Dial*. It states that it scouts "life belts." So much for its platform; let us estimate its performance. Each issue contains two or three pages of high-pitched and rather mediocre criticism of contemporaries, the sort of criticism that one might expect of Guelph from Ghibeline. Then there is nonsense verse in French and English, by and after the Dadas, and three or four prose sketches defiantly obscure. It is rather too bad of Monsieur Tzara et als, estimable gentlemen otherwise, to have taken in these young American pilgrims. Of course the Frenchmen do not take themselves seriously; unfortunately their American confreres did not discover this. In their zeal for the new and the radical they have simply poached on the preserves of Carolyn Wells; they have discovered a language neither new nor far to seek, namely—gibberish.

Nevertheless, there is considerable talent playing this game of bold pioneering. Mr. Matthew Josephson is perhaps the most prominent of those who will some day save himself from all this blather of "new forms," "new ideas," etc., etc., and, unless we miss our guess, do some very fine things. Certain of his achievements in his own carefully selected manner are already notable. However, where he scores he does so in spite of his aesthetics and not because of them. His best work is comparable to the best work of writers who never dreamed of any medium other than simple English.

Secession, attempting to get away from all schools, has itself set up a school the most narrow, the most rigid of all. Neither has it succeeded in being original; it is as old-fashioned as Henry James, as outmoded as Stephane Mallarmé and his symbolists.

The answer, I think, to all this talk of form and all this patter about schools and theories of art and literature is the same that George Moore made to the *Pointillists*: "Schools do not matter; there is only good painting and bad painting, good writing and bad writing." Schools are created by mediocrities to sustain and advertise their own mediocre inanities. Young American *émigrés*, the world of letters will not be upset by your shrill pronouncements. Neither is a voice crying in the wilderness worth harkening to when it solemnly declaims platitudes and nonsense.

I do not quarrel with any technique of writing invented either on or off the continent. I try to judge the result, the finished product by my own flickering lights. When that result is crude, undistinguished, vulgar, tiresome I feel myself justified in not becoming very greatly interested in

the theory of construction on which it was presumably modeled. So with the fruit of these "schools" set up by *Broom*, *Gargoyle* and *Secession*. I find it hard to pull a grave face over them. Nor can I be altogether condemned, I believe, if I smile a little over the ingenuousness of these self-appointed saviours of American letters.

J. W. F.

Chanson d'Or

By ANN HAMILTON

I shall have a gold room
 When I am a queen,
 With a poppy-perfume
 And a jewelled screen;

You may come and see me
 Any time you will
 If you wear a green coat
 And a gold frill;

I shall keep a black slave
 Hidden in the wall,
 Waiting to admit you
 When you come to call,

And if you displease me
 So that I am bored,
 I will have him kill you
 With a gold sword.

Comment

FAITH MARIS writes from New York:

The great number of foreign plays continues to surprise the New York theatregoer. Most of the notable productions announced for the winter are imported—translations or adaptations from the contemporary European stage. The Theatre Guild, whose repertoire appears to be devoid of American plays this year, will present "R. U. R.," by the Czech, Karel Capek; "Masse Mensch," by Ernst Toller; "Peer Gynt," with Schildkraut; "The Lucky One," by A. A. Milne, and possibly Shaw and Shakespeare. Ethel Barrymore appears under the management of Arthur Hopkins in Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd." Brock Pemberton presented an Italian adaptation, "The Plot Thickens," early in September, and will later stage Luigi Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," a play which has been produced in Berlin by Max Reinhardt. This versatile manager also promises Lord Dunsany's "If" sometimes during the season. "He, the One Who Gets Slapped" has continued to play to good houses throughout the summer and early fall. The "Chauve Souris" may become a perennial attraction; the third bill of Russian comedy under Balief's direction will soon be offered to an insatiable public. With the heralded arrival of the Moscow Art Theatre making a great stir, the American zest for the Russian stage shows no sign of waning. Augustin Duncan will open the Equity Theatre's season in October with "Malvaloca," by Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero.

Foreign also, or perhaps it might be more accurate to say international, was the short-lived midsummer revue, "Pinwheel" arranged by Michi Itow, the Japanese dancer. "Pinwheel," withdrawn early in August, was in the happily ironical vein of the "Chauve Souris." With dancing, singing, pantomime and vaudeville, short acts which fairly tumbled over each other in their gay insistence, "Pinwheel" revolved rapidly and brilliantly. Michi Itow's abstract and sometimes almost disembodied dances, which have thrilled New York's jaded senses before, were even better this year, and together with Yuji Itow's Japanese folk songs supplied the Oriental tone in what is really an international revue. There were Rosalind Fuller's old ballads, dramatically illustrated; there were Degas paintings of the French ballet of the '70s which come to life in the most satisfying manner; and there was the throbbing colorful animated Gauguin; with English sea chanties, a hobo ballet, a South African tribal dance, and Margaret Petit's gifted group of classical dancers, the show proved a frolicsome kaleidoscope.

Not all in the midsummer vein was George Kaiser's episodic drama "From Morn to Midnight," which was so effectively produced by the Theatre Guild that the public swallowed its first dose of modern German expressionism with manifestations of both dazed enthusiasm and complete distrust. The play, which covers a period of twelve hours, attempts to uncover the stream of consciousness of a German bank clerk who is thrown off his balance by a glimpse of a beautiful woman. Frank Reicher did a superb piece of acting in this difficult role.

To speak for a moment of indigenous drama (and as a matter of fact, to count the examples play by play, the home-grown ones far outnumber the foreign—it is only because the latter are usually exceptionally well-produced or because they represent genuine dramatic achievements that they have been stressed) Eugene O'Neill's new play, "The Fountain," an historical drama dealing with Ponce de Leon and the fountain of eternal youth, is now in rehearsal. It is written in blank verse. American also are "The Old Soak," Don Marquis' great hit, and Arthur Richman's "The Awful Truth" and "The Serpent's Tooth." Two of the best-known and most popular of the little theatres have closed their doors for a year. The managers of both the Provincetown Theatre and the Neighborhood Playhouse have suspended while looking for new material from American and European sources.

The exploring instinct among play producers which drives them abroad to search for new things, is also to be observed in the magazine field, where the names of more and more foreign contributors are to be found. A new magazine, *World Fiction*, exhibits this international drift, and the three American magazines published in Europe are another sign of these far-swinging experimental urges. There are, however, economic as well as cultural and atmospheric reasons why such periodicals as *Broom*, *Secession* and *Gargoyle* are published abroad. Gorham Munson, founder of *Secession*, which is edited in New York and issues from Vienna, states that the entire cost of production, paper, printing and all, rarely comes to \$20 a month. That the United States is not inhospitable to daring ventures is evidenced by the fact that the output of these magazines is largely swallowed up in this country.

There are more than the usual number of modern European translations of books and plays. Lieber and Lewis announce Huysman's "A Rebours," under the title of "Against the Grain." This young firm is also bringing out the Little Playhouse series of one-act plays, edited by Pierre Loving, who is combing the American and European field for plays suitable for small-group production.

Thomas Seltzer, publisher of "Casanova's Homecoming," "A Young Girl's Diary" and "Women in Love," has won a complete triumph over Mr.

Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who had prevented him from selling these books until the magistrate who conducted the trial following the action brought by the society, could read the books and decide if they were, as charged, morally devastating. The magistrate has announced that each work is a valuable contribution to literature, that none of them is pornographic or obscene, and that Mr. Sumner's Society was wholly unjustified in its prosecution of Mr. Seltzer.

Among first books of verse that promise real pleasure are Genevieve Taggard's "Boys and Girls," "Attitudes" by Paul Tanaquil, "A Pushcart At the Curb," by John Dos Passos, and "The Barcarole of James Smith," by Herbert Gorman, and Milton Raison's "Spendthrift." A book of the poems of John Cowper Powys, Lew Sarett's "Box of Gold" and Glenn Ward Dresbach's "In Colors of the West," are others that will provoke discussion.

John Macy's popular outline of the history of literature and Van Wyck Brooks' study of Rousseau are being eagerly awaited, to say nothing of Van Loon's "Story of the Bible," which will no doubt be presented to every good child for Christmas.

In book circles, the scramble to possess, or even to read, James Joyce's "Ulysses," continues to be a popular preoccupation. This inspired stenographic report of the transactions of the sub-conscious is bound to influence tremendously the technique of the younger novelists, but as for comprehending it in its entirety even the most knowing of the cognoscenti, except perhaps Edmund Wilson, Jr., and Gilbert Seldes don't pretend to. Padraic Colum, who has just gone to Ireland, recently remarked: "Large sections of the book must be absolutely unintelligible to anyone who didn't live in and know the Dublin of thirty years ago." He spoke of the phenomenal automatic memory of Joyce, which seemed to record word for word long conversations, a gift that enabled him to achieve in large part the present tour de force.

ARTHUR MOSS writes from Paris:

I believe the cosmopolitanism of a city can best be measured by the variety of its cookery. This is true of Paris more than of any other world capital. And here they are not merely called Russian, or Swedish, or American, as the case may be, or merely decorated in any particular national fashion, but they are usually thoroughly national from the proprietor down to the floor-scrubber.

The most interesting to Americans, after they have been expatriated long enough to entirely lose the tourist feeling, is *The Little Brown Jug* in the Latin Quarter close to the Theatre de l'Odeon. To the cookery of this hostlery I will not devote much space for it includes all the things

you are likely to get bored with in America, but which you find almost indispensable after a year or so of absence. Its greatest appeal to us is made by its excellent American bar, though the skillful services of William the waiter, a typical Pullman-car product, must not be overlooked.

There are several excellent Italian restaurants running all the way from *Poccardi's* close to the Grands Boulevards, where one is lucky to get out under thirty francs, to *Pizzutti's* on the rue Delambre in Montparnasse. At this latter place the clientele is about evenly divided between chauffeurs and artists.

On the rue Hanovre, not far from the Opera, is a Hindu restaurant, where one gets delicious Indian cookery if one has a superabundance of patience; the brown brother who presides is slightly handicapped by having to perform on a small two-burner gas stove, but one acquires staying powers when good curry is the goal.

There are Chinese restaurants both of the humble Sixth Avenue sort and the Broadway-jazz-chow-mein palaces. There are Russian restaurants, Spanish, Jewish, English, Turkish, Greek, even German: these last, of course, are now masquerading as Alsatian. Of the Teutonic places, *Ho's* is undoubtedly the most genuine. It is tucked away in a picturesque alley, the Passage des Petites Ecuries near the old Porte St. Denis. The French flag over the door is misleading only until you cross the threshold and then you are in a thoroughly German essenstube: it is hard to refrain from calling the garçon "kellner." Here one gets sauerkraut, all the varieties of wurst, pickles, kartoffel-salad, pumpernikel, and fine dark beer.

But the place for a true gourmet is the Swedish restaurant *Strix*, on rue Huyghens. Unless you have at some time stood before a "Smörgåsbörd" you cannot really appreciate the Scandinavian conception of hors d'oeuvres: deviled eggs, salami, herrings of a dozen varieties, shell-fish, anchovies, all the known and imagined cheeses. After a selected platter, a few pieces of knakebrod, and a nip of aquavit, you are ready to settle down to the serious business of eating. You top it off with punschtörta, which is a delicious apple-cake properly doused in liquor and covered with sweet cream, very strong black coffee, and a few glasses of Svenska Punsch. I do not know the ingredients of Swedish punch and I am not curious: one does not unravel a Kirmanshah rug nor does one scrape the surface of a Ming vase. As they say in Sweden, now that they have overwhelmingly defeated prohibition: *Skol!*

LIFE and Letters, the extraordinary magazine which is printed and distributed for next to nothing, by E. Haldeman-Julius, publisher of the Ten Cent Pocket Series of classics, made its first appearance in September, featuring a capital article by Charles J. Finger, editor of *All's Weil*, on Thoreau. *Life and Letters* is to deal exhaustively, month by month, with many of the great figures of literature. Sir Richard Burton is next in order. The selected giant will dominate each issue in which he is discussed. The size and make-up of *Life and Letters* was a pleasant surprise to its thousands of readers who had bargained for it sight unseen. Printed cheaply on newspaper stock in order to bring its price within reach of all, it is yet a good-sized periodical, cram full of sound material. The magazine must be recommended not only to the uneducated who are seeking literary enlightenment, but to any cultured reader whose interest in literature extends back to ante-vorticist days. Those who are thoroughly well informed on Dada, Henry James, vorticism, expressionism and all the modern psychoses, are too often unaware of the existence, to say nothing of the significance, of such men as Thoreau, Burton and Emerson. Some of them would do well to read *Life and Letters* and the Pocket Series.

THIS leads to a protest on our part in chorus with Mr. Haldeman-Julius against the action of the United States Postoffice in forcing him to remove from the market 250,000 sets of Shakespeare in the Pocket Series because he inadvertently committed a technical violation of the lottery regulations. Mr. Haldeman-Julius offered, it seems, a trip to Europe free of charge to a certain number of the purchasers of his Shakespeare sets. This was interpreted by Solicitor Edwards of the United States Postoffice as a gambling arrangement. He held up the numerous magazines in which the sets were advertised until Mr. Haldeman-Julius guaranteed to refund all money remitted to him in response to the advertisements which mentioned the contest. The tremendous publicity of the publisher, therefore, went for nothing. The necessity of refunding the money to thousands of purchasers, with explanations, put him to huge expense. His books, in which he had invested a very large sum of money, were tied up in storage, and he was prohibited from selling even a single copy (for all his advertising of the works had referred to the contest.) Mr. Haldeman-Julius estimates his loss at hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is unquestionably great. He had invested, according to his figures, nearly a million dollars in the Shakespeare venture. He has lost certainly the cost of advertising in more than a score of national magazines and many newspapers; he has lost the cost of the clerical labor in refunding the remittances sent in by thousands of purchasers; he has lost the turnover on his money for several months at exactly the time when he most needed it. He found himself suddenly bound by contracts to expend great sums of money for paper, printing, advertising, etc., with no money coming in.

No better statement of Mr. Haldeman-Julius' case can be given than by quoting the telegram of protest which he sent to the President:

"I appeal to you as the chief magistrate and a fellow publisher for immediate relief from an arbitrary ruling made by the solicitor of the postoffice department which may mean the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to me.

"I have invested one million dollars in publishing one-fourth million sets of Shakespeare, of thirty volumes each, to be sold at popular price. In advertising the same in the magazines and newspapers a few words of mention appeared regarding a contest, the prizes of which would be a free trip for twelve persons to Shakespeare's birthplace. The advertisements almost exclusively featured the Shakespeare sets, and the contest was mentioned only as a mere feature to be taken advantage of by those who would help in the distribution of Shakespeare.

"Obviously, the overwhelming majority of those ordering would not enter such a contest. And because of some technical ruling regarding the presentation of a contest to the public, Solicitor Edwards, of the post-office department, has arbitrarily ruled the magazines and newspapers unavailable. Later he withdrew this ruling and released the magazines, but ordered that we do not honor any of the orders and promptly return all remittances.

"We are flooded with orders in every mail and we are not allowed to fill these orders, even though we would gladly offer to the purchasers a refund in full if the elimination of the contest makes the books unacceptable to them. Solicitor Edwards refuses to relent.

"He did relent in the case of the magazines and newspapers that carried our advertisements, which Solicitor Edwards at first considered unavailable. I have more than seven million copies of the plays of Shakespeares which thousands of people want, but which I cannot sell because of this extreme ruling of the postoffice department. In appealing to you as a fellow publisher I do not expect special consideration, but I know that in your broad experience as a publisher you have known of many technical violations of postal rulings by newspapers and magazines which were handled with discretion by the department.

"Solicitor Edwards knows that I am not running contests or lotteries. I am a publisher of the classics. The contest was secondary and for the purpose of stimulating sales through agents. When I learned of the attitude of the department I promptly abandoned the contest, although in doing so I suffered a loss. Yet I am prohibited from selling Shakespeare and distributing these millions of books by this ruling as effectively as if Solicitor Edwards had ordered that I set fire to this stock of seven million books

"Will you kindly request the solicitor to give this case a rehearing and permit us to fill these thousands of orders?"

Reviews

CHAMELEON:

Being the Book of My Selves.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

(Lieber & Lewis, 1922.)

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES may be, as some contend, half a mountebank. I am sure he has written much foolishness—most of it, however, for butter—and that at times his playboy impulse leads him into labyrinths of words from which he seems unable intelligibly to extricate himself. But a writer stands or falls on his good writing, not on his bad. De Casseres' finest work is extremely good. He is on occasions a great writer, if judged by the comparative standards of our American literature, and his peers, dead and alive, in the English-speaking nations are not an army.

De Casseres commands respect on two counts: he is an intelligence and he is an artist. As a thinker he strikes the superficial reader as being excessively fickle, insincere, irresponsible and imitative. This is to a certain extent true. "Chameleon" is a good title for "the book of his selves." He has been influenced by all the great minds with which he has come in contact. He echoes them constantly. They have colored his mental processes, his style. Throughout all the work of Benjamin De Casseres, however, there is a steady thread of diabolical dogma. There are deep currents of sound thinking beneath all his serious proclamations in which he decorates his style with plunder from a dozen predecessors. He steals from anybody, but

he steals because he can afford to steal. He has as good stuff of his own and "borrows out of good nature." The chameleon-like texture of his writing is a sort of masquerade costume which he has chosen to clothe his eery and very original personal self. The mind of De Casseres is actually able to barter ideas with the minds of Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Emerson, and most of the philosophers of the past and present. He is on his own ground. He knows what he knows.

If his playboy instinct runs away with his intellect, it makes his work more amusing, more stimulating. If he perversely leaps from an affirmation to a negation and back again, through a whirl of paradoxes, it seems perhaps insincere and very loose thinking to those who have never questioned the moon as cheese. But they overlook the bedrock nihilism at which Benjamin De Casseres long ago arrived. It is a conception which they cannot grasp, that of the unreality of all appearances and the merger of negation and affirmation in nihility. For all his gyrations and excursions into frolicsome bypaths, De Casseres preaches a consistent dogma. It is the dogma of an intelligent being. It is a trifle diabolical, but so is the world. Thomas Hardy has said of his work: "What you call your philosophical prejudices are, I think, becoming by slow degrees the convictions of honest thinkers concerning the world as they see it around them."

I consider Benjamin De Casseres one of the rarest minds now functioning in

America. He has the exuberance which great minds have always had. And it is that exuberance of mental activity which makes him the good writer he is. He is at his best, in the art of letters, in his volcanic eruptions. He spews an astonishing vocabulary. His feeling for the mystery of words is that of a rare artist. His feeling for cadence, rhythm and intellectual form in prose is often excellent, almost always good. At his best he writes prose as few men have written it. He takes his reader on many a nightmare ride, but I am grateful to him for the wildest of his flights. I am interested in all that De Casseres has written. I wish to see not only his best, but his shoddiest work. For I know that here and there in his most workaday prose, he strikes unexpected sparks of genius.

European observers have credited De Casseres with his due for several years. In America, where intelligence usually goes begging, he has found little recognition. But Messrs. Lieber and Lewis have set out to introduce to the public those of his works which he wishes to preserve. It is a service for which they deserve our gratitude, for the prose of De Casseres has gone from pillar to post for fifteen years.

"Chameleon" is the first of his books in prose to be issued.

I would not wish to be without it. It is the work of a rare writer and a rare thinker. It is a book in which a man who has delved deeply into all philosophies presents his hodge-podge of conclusions—his amused, undisturbed nihilism tempered with his exuberant interest in the vain show of existence. You have in "Chameleon" the almost

irrefutable dogma of the intellectual mystics coupled with that pagan faith in the world which makes life most delightful. De Casseres, viewing infinity, is as mystic as Buddha. Viewing the tangible world at a given instant, he is as jolly as Voltaire. Where he differs from many transcendental mystics is in that he eats his shadow-apples, frolics with his ghosts, goes on a jag with the phantasmal wine of existence, the reality of which he denies. He, like Anatole France, gets increased enjoyment from the world because he suspects it is vain.

"Chameleon" contains twenty-five essays: "The Brain and the World," "The Mirth of the Brain," "Wonder," "The Intangible Life," "The Irony of Negatives," "The Passion of Distance," "The Comic View," "The Artist," "The Eternal Renaissance," etc. There is much cheap writing in it—De Casseres cannot refrain from a certain facetious vulgarity now and then—but there is a great deal of good writing.

De Casseres leaps from a vaudeville figure of speech to a godly trope in one breath. It is often irritating, especially when he grows windy, but one can forgive him his faults, as one can forgive Carlyle and Whitman theirs. He resembles them both in his ability to write wretchedly and beautifully.

I select a few passages from various parts of the book:

We dreamed as impulse and desire in our parents....Whatever one dreams tends to beget a body, and what we are now is old dream come to be the phantasm of place, ancestral imagination turned brain and sinew and blood.

The star sees itself through the medium of

the human eye, and the moon shines on itself.

Form is purely accidental, and the accidental is the unexpected inexorable.

The finest minds are those in which intelligence and insight spread out like the gradual opening of a circular fan. They come to perceive all sides in one glance. They are like a man who stands at the north pole—all longitudes centre in him; he sees all the imaginary lines that men map and number and believe in. He is conscious for the first time of the absurdity of direction; he comes to know in a flash how purely arbitrary are affirmative ideas about anything.

It may be charged that all these ideas have been expressed before. This is true. But they are the common property of philosophers as the conceptions of love and death, disillusion, yearning, pain and pleasure are the common property of poets. It is no disgrace, but a high accomplishment, to write ingeniously concerning eternal subjects.

Benjamin De Casseres has been acclaimed as a rare genius by the following men: Thomas Hardy, Remy de Gourmont, James Huneker, James Branch Cabell, William Marion Reedy, Don Marquis, Edwin Markham and Edgar Saltus. If you do not believe me, perhaps you will believe one of them.

JOHN MCCLURE.

SPANISH FOLK SONGS

Selected and translated with an introduction.

BY S. DE MADRIAGA.

(Houghton Mifflin, 1922.)

THERE is an art in being artless, an art that we sophisticated people are fast forgetting. This book, of a scant fifty pages, containing perhaps a hundred songs, some of which are only two lines and the longest just eleven, shows us what we have lost. We have lost the ability to be unselfconscious.

Two or three of these "Spanish Folk Songs" will give, better than any words

of mine, the charm of the book. There is one, the most perfect of the whole collection, a lyric of four lines,

"Sweet lover, oh, sweet lover,
When thee I sight
Even my own eyelashes
Are in my light."

And another, as naive and as honest as the maiden who said it:

"I love you more than God.
See what a word I have said....
I deserve the Inquisition."

The book is prefaced with a brief but interesting essay on Spanish popular poetry.

ADALINE KATZ.

ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME

BY A. E. COPPARD

(Alfred A. Knopf, 1922.)

THE title alone warrants investigation of this book. And investigation is enormously repaid. It is a most charming, vivid, collection of short stories. Bound together by a whimsical Irish humor and sensitiveness to beauty that recalls James Stephens, they range from the realm of ironic fantasy, half allegorical folk-lore, to poignant tales of children, and short portraits of women, which in a single flashing incident suggest the whole subterranean morass of psychology and perversity which D. H. Lawrence details at length in his novels. A. E. Coppard writes exquisite prose, and his mind and imagination are those of a sensitive intelligent poet. These stories have a solidity, an assurance, an

unebbing interest and charm which can be attributed to no other book of short stories that I know.

HELEN M. DICK.

ZONE OF QUIET

BY EDGAR BOUTWELL

(*The Four Seas Company*, 1922.)

THAT Mr. Boutwell writes good poetry we can prove to you by pointing to "Conscience" in this issue of *The Double Dealer*.

"Zone of Quiet," which is Mr. Boutwell's first book is somewhat slight, however, and one senses a deficiency in form in most of the poems. The touch is generally not deft enough to satisfy the trained ear. Some of the poems are trivial. Some seem derivative. Others, full of feeling and rich in color, seem to lack only consummate music to make them excellent. But there is a sincere and serious artistry, with form as its object, manifest throughout. Almost all the selections are in vers libre—that most difficult medium, in which rhythm becomes so easily too subtle or too staccato.

"Zone of Quiet," alone, does not establish Mr. Boutwell as a completely successful artificer in verse. But the feeling for words, the feeling for imagery the emotion and the sincere seeking for form which one finds in the volume justifies one in stating that

"Zone of Quiet" is the work of a true poet and may be the first book of a very unusual poet. Its author has proved that he can write excellent poetry if he will.

"Zone of Quiet" is far above the average volume of verse printed in America: but Mr. Boutwell is a serious artist whose aim is high. All he has done here is to hint at his ultimate achievement. I think that achievement will be considerable.

I quote from "Beauty":

I have cut a bold intaglio of you,
Hellenese in carnelian.
In another place
I have engraved you,
And etched your stateliness
In a thousand spars,
Mirrored placidly, becalmed.

and from "Greenwood and Ashes":

An old woman
Mingles her red shawl
With the landscape, brushing
Red on gold.

and from "Insomniac":

Like an old bronze coin
Lost in the night of the centuries
And found by some wondering plowman,
The sun rose.

Although the merit of "Zone of Quiet" is to be found chiefly in scattered passages in various poems, I predict that Mr. Boutwell's next book will contain a number of excellent complete poems, thoroughly compact and precise and harmonious, and often beautiful.

† M.

Query

By JOHN McCLURE

And we here, talking the moon down with jabber of life and death—
how came our names to be uttered in this conversation